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[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

FALSE.

BY INDIA.

Nay, turn not from me! I can bear
This from all else but thee!
No stranger is my heart to care,
Dark grief and agony;
Yet, oh! from thee, from thee I dare
To hope for sympathy!

Thy love hath been a cherished thing—
A jewel rich and rare!
Thy scorn! It hath a venom'd sting—
It mocks my deep despair!
And now! my love—a worthless thing!
This, this I will not bear!

Oh canst thou—wilt thou not forget
Those past unhappy years?
That mine hath been sincere regret,
Witness these bitter tears!
Thou seest! Oh, my God! and yet
No soft'ning sign appears!

Thou! Thou! wilt crush this bleeding heart,
That beats alone for thee?
Thy hand shall strike the cruel dart—
Oh, God! what agony!
How can it be that thus we part—
And thou so cold to me!

Thy vows—forgotten as a dream!
No, no, thou wilt not dare
To quench this brightly glittering beam
That made my life so fair!
Ah! see upon my brow the gleam
Of my heart's deep despair!

Then go! But in thy future years
Thou shalt remember this!
All thine own heavy griefs and fears—
Oh, many a Judas kiss!—
Shall 'mind thee of my bitter tears!
Thy Broken Cup of Bliss!

ORIGINAL PRIZE STORY.

"LINDEN HALL."

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILADA.

BY M. A. EDWARDS.

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXXVII.

I had a very pleasant journey to Virginia. Gerald was with me, and he smiled at my enthusiasm. When I reached Judge Lane's my admiration knew no bounds. I had expected to see a modern mansion. Instead of that I found, what seemed to me, a grand old feudal castle, irregular and rambling, filled with strange little rooms, and odd corners, and winding passages. I was never tired wandering over the house, and searching out all manner of queer places. The house had been built by one of Judge Lane's ancestors, who was among the first landed proprietors of the country, and had been added to as the convenience and taste of his descendants prompted. For many years, however, no alterations had been made in it. The Judge was very proud of his ancient family mansion, and did no more to it than was necessary to keep it in repair. It stood in the midst of a large park, well stocked with deer, for the Judge was a gentleman of the old school, and liked to keep up old customs.

He was some years older than his brother, Kate's father, and was altogether a different kind of man. He was pleasant and courteous, but it was a stately courtesy. A very dignified bearing repelled familiarity, but he was so kindly in his feelings, so generous and unselfish in his actions, that he won the affections of all around him. Mrs. Lane was an active, bustling woman, constantly busy with her children and her servants—the very opposite of her indolent and elegant sister-in-law.

A pleasant surprise awaited me at Judge Lane's. I found Kate there. Her bright face was the first one to greet me. She had changed but little. She had been one of the favored ones of earth. No great sorrows had been hers, and her lively spirits had not failed her. But, after I had seen more of her, I found that a little dash of pensiveness was mingled with her gaiety. It became her wonderfully, and made her more bewitching than ever.

The day after my arrival, she carried me over the whole place; showed me all the beauties of the park, the orchard, and the poultry yard; and introduced me to the dogs, pigs and chickens.

"I am so glad you have come," she said, as we were returning to the house, after our explorations. "I am so tired hearing Aunt Ellen talk about her sick turkeys and healthy children; and uncle is as prosy as he can well be. Your brother does very well for a time, but he is one of your stupid wise men that I never could tolerate, and I get dreadfully tired of him."

"I am sorry my brother is so disagreeable to you, Kate," said I, feeling a little hurt at the slighting tone in which she spoke of him.

"I thought he was very interesting when I first saw him, for he looked like a rough sort of sailor, and was something new. But now he has become civilized, and aunt and uncle make such a fuss over him, that I am tired hearing it. You are worth ten Geralds, you dear little Dame Margery," and Kate gave me one of her school hugs.

It was but a few days after this that, as I was rambling through the park, I came unexpectedly upon Gerald and Kate. I stood in the shadow of an immense oak, and they did not observe me. His arm was around her waist; her head leaned upon his shoulder, and she was gazing into his face with one of her bewitching looks, half tender, half saucy, while he looked into her eyes with pride and tenderness. I stole quietly away. The sly little puss! how she had deceived me!

I said nothing to either of them of the scene I had witnessed. I knew they would come to me in time and tell me all their happiness. Kate was the first to tell me, with many blushes and much hiding of her bright face, although, as she kept saying all the time, "it was nothing to be ashamed of."

"And how long have you been engaged to this stupid wise man?"

"Only a short time, but I knew he loved me long ago. I believe I liked him a little all the time, but, you know, it would never have done to tell him so, and I teased him most unmercifully for a time. But one day he attacked me when I was in one of my good moods, and somehow, I never did know how it happened, I promised to be his wife some time. It was very silly. I am half tempted to break my promise."

"You will tell your parents, of course, Kate?"

"O, yes, little Dame Margery, they shall know it. There is plenty of time for all that. We cannot be married until Gerald has commenced the practice of law, and I hate to tell them. They will not object to my choice, but they will talk the matter over and make such a parade."

"I congratulate Gerald with my whole heart. You could not have pleased me better, my dear brother, if you had sought the whole world over."

"I loved her, Serena, when I first knew her in Philadelphia; and, since then, we have been so frequently thrown together that I could not conquer my love. I tried to do so, for she is rich, and I have nothing but my profession. I thought I should never tell her I loved her, for she was so tantalizing in her manner that it was impossible to say whether she suspected my affection for her or not; but somehow, I could not help it, and, before I was aware of it the deed was done. But I do not fear, sister, with my own industry, and Judge Lane to recommend me, I shall certainly succeed."

Gerald accompanied Kate home, and when he returned he told me he had gained the consent of her parents to their union. Mr. Lane gave his gladly and heartily. I think Mrs. Lane objected at first. She had looked for her beautiful daughter to make a more brilliant match; but she was too indolent to urge her point; and Gerald's talents were too well known, and his success too certain to furnish a plea for objections.

The winter passed pleasantly away. Surrounded by a refined circle of friends, and meeting everywhere that genial and earnest hospitality which distinguishes the Ancient Dominion, I could not fail to be pleased and contented.

"But there is still a shadow in your eyes, Serena," would Gerald frequently say to me. "You have some secret grief, my sister, that you will not allow me to share."

"My griefs are buried in the past, my brother. It may be that some have left their memories behind, but they only calm my present joys—they cannot destroy them."

Again I welcomed the spring. The leaves and flowers budded and put forth. The park began to look beautiful once more, and at the unset hour I loved to wander to its extreme verge, where a small stream fell over some picturesque rocks, forming a little cascade. I liked to sit there and listen to the music of the waters.

One evening I wandered away from a party of young people and sought this spot. I had enjoyed the merry company through the day, but when the night came I felt a yearning for solitude; an earnest desire to flee from such light-hearted mirth and commune with myself.

As I walked along, I gathered the wild flowers which grew in the pathway, and, sitting on the gnarled roots of a beech tree, I wove them into a wreath. Suddenly a shadow fell upon the bright-colored flowers. Some one of the gay party I had left had intruded on my solitude. I would not look up.

"Serena!"

That voice, so deep and rich in its tones—that well-remembered voice. How it penetrated to my heart and awoke echoes which had slumbered there so long, so very, very long. I looked up now. The wanderer had returned. My Allan stood before me. The glance I met was full of fervent, beseeching love. He held out his arms, and the next moment I lay sobbing on his breast. There was not a word of explanation. We needed none. We had both loved and suffered, and now—I clung to him, fearful I might lose him again.

The first words he uttered were, "At last! at last! my love. Nothing but death shall ever part us more."

And I, in the midst of my tears, said, "No, Allan. Nothing but death has power to part us now."

Thus we plighted our troth.

Long we walked under the trees in the clear starlight, talking of the past. That past which had brought so much to both of us. I told him of my interview with his mother; of my anger; of my despair after bidding him farewell; of the bitterness which sprung up in my heart when I knew of his marriage; of the love of Edgar Dudley, and how sorely I had been tempted, and how I had been saved. I told him of the melancholy which had settled upon my spirits, and how my heart became so hard and unnatural, and how it was healed. And he listened, and pitied, and wept.

And he too had much to tell. Of his marriage with Lelia, how her love had first won his pity, and then his warm affection. He spoke tenderly and reverently of her—how beautiful and holy she was in her life—how lovely and happy in her death. He had heard that I was the bride of Edgar Dudley, and had striven to forget me, but was unable to do so. And then he dwelt upon the loneliness and sorrow he felt after Lelia's death; and how he sought, by travel, to shake off the depression of his spirits. "It was in a village, among the Swiss mountains," he said, "that I met Edgar Dudley. He sought me out, won my regard, and then he spoke of you, Serena; told me that you were free, and that he was certain you loved me still. Soon after this I received a letter from my mother, confessing the part she had taken in breaking our engagement. Europe could contain me no longer, my love, and—I am here."

"My dear brother Edgar. Was I extravagant, Allan, in my opinion of his merits?"

"I used to think so, my love, for I could scarcely conceive of a man with such a character as you described; but when I knew him I found that the half had not been told me. Serena, how can you love such a man as I am better than Edgar Dudley?"

I could only hide my blushing face, and say, "I do not know."

And then I told him of Lelia's letter. Why she had not told him I could well imagine. She did not like to lay before him the whole of her loving heart. But she was gone now, and I would have no secrets from Allan. I repeated the letter to him, for every word was engraven on my heart—I had read it so often.

He was deeply affected, and, during the long silence which ensued, he seemed to be communing with his own heart. I think so, for he turned to me and said, "Serena, what am I that the love of two such women should have been given to me? My poor Lelia! She was right, it was pitying affection that I gave her, but I was always tender and loving to her. Thank God for that!"

I heard my name called. Suddenly the absurdity of our position flashed upon both of us.

"I have not seen any of the family yet," said Allan. "As I rode up the avenue, I saw you walking to the spot, and followed you. I will return the way I came. Good-night."

A kiss quivered upon my lips, and his figure was lost amid the shadows just as a merry party broke upon me, rallying me on being so sentimentally inclined.

Happy, fully, truly happy once more! Allan became Judge Lane's guest. He told them all of our engagement. "Let us have no more concealments," he said, and I assented.

"The shadow has departed, Serena," said Gerald to me, one day.

"Yes," I said, smiling, "the last shadow has gone. There may be some laid up for me in the future, but I will not think of them. I will bask in the sunshine of the present."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"What do you all say to a visit to Ravenswood to-day?" said Mrs. Lane, as we were seated at the breakfast table one morning, not long after Allan's arrival. "Serena has heard the tragical story of Fanny Ogden, and I have been promising her ever since she has been here that she should see Ravenswood."

"I shall be glad to go," said Allan; "I have not visited it since I was a child, and then it was a lovely place."

"You will find it much altered," said the Judge. "The place has been unoccupied for years—ever since the fearful tragedy was enacted there, in fact. Mr. Enfield bought the place from Henry Carleton, but he has never resided there. He has an overseer to attend to the farm; but the house is much out of repair, and the grounds overgrown with rubbish. The furniture was left there for Henry Carleton to remove but he has never returned to claim it, and it is there still, as I remember seeing it years ago."

No one making any objection to Mrs. Lane's plan, we all set off in fine spirits for Ravenswood. Allan and I rode on horseback, but we loitered sadly on the road. We found them all on the porch when we reached Ravenswood.

"You must have lost your way coming here," said the Judge, smiling, while lifting me off the horse.

Ravenswood was indeed a lovely place. The grounds had originally been laid out with much care. As we stood on the front porch we could trace the windings of the former walks. They were mostly overgrown with vines and shrubs. The fountains were all silent, the mimic lakes were dry, the flowers choked with woods. Nothing remained of its former glory but the trees—they were still waving, noble and luxurious as ever.

We entered a noble hall, paved with mosaic. Then we passed into the parlors, with their furniture, once beautiful, now all stained and discolored from time and neglect; from thence into the dining-saloon, and from that into a little cozy room, which had evidently been used for a lady's boudoir. The piano stood there, covered with dust; a little book-case, filled with choice books, was in one corner; a work-stand in another. Rare pictures hung upon the walls, and large vases were scattered around in profusion. As I gazed upon these objects, a strange feeling came over me. *I had seen them all before.* As this conviction forced itself upon me I grew faint, sick, dizzy. I sank into a chair.

"Serena, you are ill," said Allan, anxiously.

"I am not ill, but I have been here before."

They looked at each other in amazement. Gerald said, soothingly, "You do not know what you are saying, Serena. You have never been here before to day."

"I tell you I *have* been here. These objects are all familiar to me. I used to stay in this room a great deal. There is another room up stairs which contains a high bedstead and a swinging crib, and there is a picture there of a man holding a child in his arms, while a beautiful woman is placing a crown of flowers on its head. I remember it well."

"There is such a picture there," said Mrs. Lane, in undisguised amazement.

"I know it," I continued, growing every moment more excited; "and there is another of an angel blessing a sleeping child. Come with me and I will show you where they are."

Following the impulse which prompted me, I arose and passed hastily back through the dining-room into the hall, and up the winding stairs; passing by two rooms without even looking at them, I paused before a third, my strength seemed to fail me, and I could not open the door. Allan opened it for me and led me in. Everything was exactly as I had described it.

"You have seen some other place that resembled this, my dear sister," said Gerald.

"It was this very room," said I, hurriedly. "Here I saw a horrid sight—rough men, and ghastly faces, and dropping blood."

"It was in this room that the murder took place," said the Judge. "How very strange!"

I heard no more, for I sank on the floor, insensible. There have been periods in my life when I could not resist the conviction that I had lived over the same scenes I was then passing through, in another state of existence. I have met with total strangers and their faces were as familiar to me as those of my old friends. I had surely met them before somewhere. Where?—I could not tell—I have met a group in conversation, and felt that I had seen those self-same persons before, and heard the same conversation; nay, I have actually known what they would utter next, because I had heard every syllable of it before. Where? I could never answer the question, but this state of mind was accompanied always by the feeling, dreamy and indistinct, and scarcely taking the form of an independent thought, that all this had happened to me ages ago—in some other life. I have talked with some persons upon the subject, and find that they all have had the same sensations in a greater or less degree. But in my more youthful days I fancied that these feelings were peculiar to myself, and looked upon them as the germs of insanity, and often have I prayed that this calamity might be averted from me.

Never, however, had these revealings (I know of no better name) been so vivid as during that visit to Ravenswood. Every object there was as familiar to me as if I had seen them every day. I had never been to Virginia since I was Serena M'Cloud. Had I lived another life and visited it before? My old dread of insanity came upon me again, and for some weeks a melancholy settled upon me which all the kind attentions of Judge Lane's family, or the loving care of Gerald and Allan was not able to dissipate.

At length I described to Allan my singular sensations and my fears as to the result. He tried to reason me out of them. "You are morbidly sensitive and superstitious, Serena. You know I've always told you so. When you have had these feelings you describe as so mysterious and painful, were they not the effect of an over-wrought brain, or the reaction after violent excitement? Did they not invariably occur after you had been reading or studying too much, or at the time when your nerves had been excited by some event?"

I could not remember, except in the last case, the clearest of all—there none of these reasons could be assigned.

"Oh! I can easily account for that. You have been deeply interested in the story of Mrs. Carleton—you have heard of her horrible death—and you have thought and dreamed of it perhaps, till it is all a reality to you."

I shook my head; neither Allan's reasons, nor Gerald's jests about my being under mesmeric influence, had the least effect upon me. I could not shake off the mysterious horror that the excursion to Ravenswood had produced.

Allan watched my paling cheek and dejected appearance with anxiety, and, in order to divert my thoughts, he proposed we should go to meet the party who were coming from Philadelphia.

Mrs. Lane, Miss Ogden and Kate, had written that they were coming to pay us a visit. Anything to escape from my thoughts, so I accompanied Allan to Richmond.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

I was waiting in the reception-room of the hotel in Richmond. Allan had gone to the depot to meet our friends, and I was growing a little impatient at their delay. To beguile the time, I looked out of the windows at the passers by. Could it be possible! I could scarcely believe my eyes, but Mr. Croland passed the window at that moment. He was much changed; he had grown thin and pale, but I knew him instantly. He did not observe me, and in another minute he had gone. That strange man seemed absolutely to haunt me.

But I had little time to think of it, for Kate burst in upon me like a hurricane. "We are all here," she cried, "the whole troop, but I could speak to you the first kiss," and before I could speak it—was passed on from one to another, Kate, Mrs. Lane, Lottie, Mary, Rosa and Miss Ogden, and at last found myself in the arms of Mrs. Meredith.

"Am I forgiven?" she whispered.

"Long ago," I said, in the same tone, and sealed it with a kiss, while Allan looked on with a happy smile. I took Kate up in our room. We had so much to tell, and to talk over. She scolded me a little for being so reserved with her in regard to Allan, but she stopped in the midst to congratulate me and wish me all happiness. "And you deserve it, Serena, for you have waited so long, and suffered so much. Cousin Fanny told us all about it, and we love you more than ever, my darling."

"I was surprised to see Mrs. Meredith with you, Kate."

"She came to Philadelphia just as we were about leaving, and she joined our party, saying she had rather see you than to write."

As we were assembled in the parlor, in the evening, Allan drew me aside and said: "I have met an old acquaintance of yours, Serena. I was sent for to go to the room of a gentleman, who was very ill, the servants said. I went, of course. You will be surprised when I tell you who he is."

"Mr. Croland," I replied, instantly.

"You are right," he said, with surprise. "What made you think of him?"

"I saw him pass the window to-day, and he looked very ill then. Can I do anything for him?"

"He is very anxious to see you, and says he has much to tell you. Do you think you can bear the interview? I am sure he is dying."

"Oh! yes, I feel quite strong. My nerves are always weak, Allan."

"Are you ready now?"

"Quite ready."

"Then go quietly to the reception room. As soon as I can slip out unobserved, I will join you there."

At last the mystery attending Mr. Croland would be solved. In spite of my assertion to the contrary, I did grow a little nervous while waiting for Allan. He did not tarry long, and, together, we went into the sick man's room.

He lay upon a couch by the window. He seemed to breathe with difficulty. A servant stood by the bedside fanning him. He left the room as we entered, and, taking his place, I gently fanned the invalid. He was exceedingly emaciated, and I saw in a moment that his hours upon earth were few. His clear blue eye was cloudy and dim, and the ruddy complexion I formerly admired had now assumed the ashen hue of death.

I took his hand and asked him how he felt. A faint smile stole over his features as he replied: "I am better, thank you. I think I shall have sufficient strength to tell you all I have to say."

"Have you seen a physician?"

"Yes! He only told me what I knew before, that he could do nothing for me. I was on my way to see you, Miss M'Cloud, but I felt so ill that I could not pursue my journey to Judge Lane's. I walked out a little while this afternoon, thinking the fresh air might do me good; but I was seized, while in the street, with a violent hemorrhage. I knew it for the precursor of death, and sent for Mr. Meredith. I had met him in one of the halls, and knew him instantly, though he did not recognize me. He told me you were here, and I thanked God for having sent you to hear my dying words."

"But it will exhaust you too much to talk."

"I *must* say to you what I have to tell. But I scarce know where to begin. You will hate me when I tell you who I am. You have heard of Henry Carleton."

"Fanny Ogden's brother-in-law, and—"

"Murderer! yes. Don't shrink from me in horror. I am he!"

I bowed my head upon the couch. I thought of Miss Ogden, and the long, weary years she had waited to see this man. I bent over and whispered a few words in his ear.

"My God," he exclaimed, "and is *she* here?" He was silent for a minute, and then he said: "Miss M'Cloud, will you go to her, and say that Henry Carleton, sinful and erring, but penitent, is here dying, and begs her to come to him, and hear his last confession, and forgive him—if she can."

I descended to the parlor. By this time it was full of guests. Mrs. Lane and Kate had found some old acquaintances; all were gay and merry. What a contrast to the scene I had just left. Fortunately Miss Ogden stood near the door, and thus I got her out unperceived by any of the party. I carried her to my own apartment, and there, as gently as I could, I broke to her the news I had to tell. She was less startled than I supposed she would be; true, she trembled violently, and I observed the same nervous, quivering motion of the hand I had seen once before; but she said, very quietly: "I told you he would come back, Serena. Let us go to him at once."

I went with her to his room, marvelling at her calmness. Allan opened the door for us. "He has been very impatient and restless since you left," he whispered, as we entered.

We drew back, and Miss Ogden approached the couch. She gave a bitter cry when she gazed upon the wreck before her, and, sinking down upon her knees, she seized his thin hand and covered it with passionate kisses.

"And is it thus we meet? oh, Henry!" she exclaimed. "I knew you would come back to me. I have waited and longed for this day, but I did not think to see you thus."

"And can you forgive me, Sarah, all the agony and suffering I have caused you?"

"Forgive you! ah, how willingly. Why did you not come to me before? You knew I could so easily forget the past, if you would only say, 'I love you.' *I* have loved *you* through all these weary years, Henry."

"I did not deserve this, Sarah; I have most cruelly wronged you."

"Oh, no! Henry. You have only wronged yourself in thinking I could not love you still."

"My God! I thank thee. I shall die happy now."

"Talk not of dying, Henry. You *cannot* die now. You *must* live. Live for me."

And such was the greeting this long-suffering woman gave her betrayer, and her sister's murderer. Verily Love is stronger than Time, or Death, or any earthly thing.

"You will not wish me to live, Sarah, when you have heard all. Where is Serena? She must hear it also."

I came forward, and Mr. Carleton (as I must now call him) turned his eyes upon me. A spark of their ancient fire shone in them as he said, in a clear, distinct voice: "You are not Serena M'Cloud! Gerald M'Cloud never had a daughter. You are Fanny Carleton, only child of Richard Carleton and Fanny Ogden!"

We were all astonished at these words, but no one spoke. A light seemed suddenly to break upon me, but I could not utter a word. He continued, addressing his conversation to me: "I had a brother. I thought I loved him, but I loved myself better. We were grown to man's estate when our father died, and left us penniless. He had given us each a fine education, and Richard soon made up his mind to work for his daily bread in any honorable calling that he could obtain. But I had a love for gold, not for its own sake, but for the pleasure and ease that it brought. I loved study passionately, and it was only by a life of ease I could follow my favorite pursuits. My resolution was taken. I would not work. I would marry some lady, whose ample fortune would enable me to live in the manner and style I liked. In other words, I became a fortune-hunter. I would not marry for money alone, but I would not marry any one without it. I went to New York and met with Sarah Ogden. She was a noble woman. I could not appreciate her. I never did. I am not sure that I do now. She was wealthy, and I sought her society, and at last we were secretly engaged. She was beautiful—it was a stately, proud beauty that compelled my admiration, but did not win my love."

I expected to see Miss Ogden drop the hand she held, but she but pressed it closer between hers. He turned to her and said, sadly, "I did not love you then, Sarah; I admired your beauty, your grace, and would have been proud of you had I married you, but I should have broken your heart at last. God knew what was best for you, my love. Better to meet thus, old, and sad, and stricken as we are, with the love for each other making pleasant, though mournful music in our hearts—for I love you now, Sarah, with a love your youth and beauty never won from me."

She said not a word, but, in her humility, raised his thin hand to her lips. He turned again to me.

"Fanny Ogden came to New York, and if I fancied I loved Sarah, the illusion vanished when Fanny appeared. She was a gentle, tender creature, with that soft style of beauty which was the most attractive to me. I loved Fanny with all the warmth of affection I was capable of. Had I won her, I might have ceased to care for her. I cannot tell, but she loved another, and that other was my brother. This knowledge turned my love to bitter hate, and when my brother came to the city, not only the accepted suitor of the wealthy and beautiful Fanny Ogden, but also the owner of Ravenswood, my hatred knew no bounds.

"My brother was gentle and loving—more generous and tender in his nature than myself. He loved me sincerely. I did not think much about it then, but I know it now. He offered me part of his property, but I proudly and scornfully refused it. Neither my brother nor his gentle Fanny could have suspected the depth of my passion for her, or my fiery and vindictive temper. If they had, they would never have persuaded me to come and live near them, on the estate which had formerly belonged to my father, and which Richard had purchased. I refused positively at first, but they were very urgent, and at length, in an evil hour, I consented, vowing vengeance at that very time, upon those who were striving to do me every kindness.

"I was necessarily often at Ravenswood, and witnessing my brother's happiness almost maddened me. Why should he be blest with wealth and Fanny's love, while I was dependent upon him for what I chose to call my miserable pittance. Oh! if I had only had some kind friend to have pointed out to me the precipice I was standing on—if I had only had the strength of principle and resolution to have fled from Ravenswood and temptation. I did once think of returning to Sarah Ogden, but I had wronged her too much to hope to be forgiven; and I madly rushed on to my own destruction. I plunged into all kinds of excesses. I became deeply involved in debt. My brother paid large sums of money for me without a murmur, but he saw that I was ruining myself and body, and he expostulated with me on my conduct. I was very angry, and became more reckless than ever. I gambled profusely. I *must* have money. I was mostly unfortunate at the gaming table. It was now that a tempter appeared to me in the person of Grafton.

"This man had rendered some service to Richard, and he was not a man to forget a kindness. Grafton, therefore, frequently visited Ravenswood. While there he was always the courteous and polished gentleman, and I believe was rather a favorite, but I met him frequently in the lowest haunts of vice—very different was he then. It was strange that I should have allowed this man to have gained any influence over me, knowing him to be a designing villain. He ministered to my evil passions, inflamed my anger against my brother, and hinted that there were ways to make his gold my own. I will not trace the steps I took, down, down, until I plunged into such a gulf of sin, and committed a crime so foul and horrible that I dread to relate it.

"Grafton and I entered into a league. We knew my brother's property would pass into my hands on his decease, if his wife and child were not living. This was enough. Grafton was to do the deed, and together we would share the spoils. I knew what night the dreadful deed was to be accomplished, and a few days before I bade them all farewell at Ravenswood, affirming I was going to Europe.

"I was summoned from New York by the news of the murder of my brother and his family. I returned unsuspected of the crime, and put on an appearance of the deepest grief. I took possession of my brother's estates however, sold Ravenswood, turned all of his property into money, and went to Europe. I could not stay in this country. It seemed to me the very air would testify what a wretch I was.

"Grafton and I had never had a settlement. We agreed to meet in Canada, a year after the murder, for that purpose. I went to Montreal and inquired for him at the house where he had appointed to meet me. His wife told me he had been taken suddenly ill, and was at the hospital. I went there, but he was too ill to see me. The next day they told me he was dead. Words cannot express the relief I felt at this intelligence, for this unprincipled, desperate man knew my fatal secret, and might some time betray me.

"But now came an unexpected revelation. The child—the little Fanny, was not murdered! Grafton's wife came to me and confessed the whole. I have had many strange mysteries of the human heart revealed to me in my life, but none so incomprehensible, so seemingly unnatural, as the affection Grafton manifested always for this woman, whom he had made his wife. In the midst of his crimes he never deceived *her;* in the pursuit of his nefarious purposes he never deserted her. Though such a villain, he was a man of education, and, in some sense, of refinement; but she was from the very lowest order of the people, ignorant and unrefined, but possessing a handsome though rather coarse face. His marriage was not generally known, for he was ashamed of her. She lived in a little cottage in the pines, near Ravenswood. To her he confided his diabolical scheme, glossing over the crime as well as he could, and drawing a picture of the Paradise which gold would buy for them both. I do not know whether she opposed his plans, but after events show that she had a rough kindliness of heart.

"When the night arrived in which the horrid deed was to be perpetrated, he came to her and told her that all was ready, and she must prepare to fly with him that night. In reply she pointed to the corpse of her child, which had died but an hour before, and begged him to spare the life of the helpless little Fanny. But he showed her that this was impossible, as in that case I should lose the money, which was his sole object. When she found that her entreaties were of no avail, a thought suddenly struck her. Her little girl was the same age as little Fanny; to be sure they did not resemble each other very closely, but who would doubt that the mutilated corpse of a child found in the same room with its murdered parents was their own. She would take the little heiress of Ravenswood to her childless heart, and neither I nor any one need be the wiser. After some demur, Grafton agreed to the proposal, and substituted his own dead child in the place of little Fanny. When the bodies were discovered the next morning, the child was horribly mutilated, but no one doubted its identity.

"So far her plan had succeeded. But the little Fanny was not a favorite with Grafton, she reminded him too forcibly of the cruelty he had done her. The injurer always hates the injured, and Grafton abused the child. His wife felt a pity for the helpless creature she had saved from death, and finding she could not keep the child with her, determined to provide for it as well as she was able. She had heard much of a wealthy planter who lived near the city—Mr. M'Cloud. He and his wife were both spoken of as generous, kind-hearted people; and they had but one child—a son. Her plans were laid accordingly. One night she gave the child, then some four years old, an opiate, and putting her in a basket, as she heard of persons doing before, she left it at the door of Mr. M'Cloud's house. Agreeably to her expectations, they immediately determined to adopt the little foundling. This was the substance of the woman's story. They had just told her at the hospital, she said, that her husband was dead, and she had no further motive for concealing the truth from me. I gave her a sum of money and dismissed her.

"That very day I left Montreal and returned to Europe, where I remained several years. I spent all my ill-gotten wealth in dissipation. My love for study, and for science, seemed suddenly to have vanished, and my tastes to have become low and depraved. But there was some good seed left in my heart. My conscience would not be entirely quieted, and after a while remorse was busy within me, and I finally became tired of my own excesses. I longed to lead a better life, but did not know how. I formed many good resolutions, and among them was one to seek out my niece—my brother's daughter—and see if she needed my help. True! I had no money to give her, but I might aid her in some way; and I crossed the ocean, and landed once more in my native shore.

"I did not visit Virginia, for I had learned that, since my departure, suspicion had rested upon me, but went directly to Savannah. I found no difficulty in ascertaining all about Mr. M'Cloud and his affairs. He was recently dead, and had left his children destitute. I determined to go to New England, but first resolved to see if you were the person I sought. From the intimate friends and old servants of the family I found that, some twelve years before, Mr. M'Cloud had found a little girl by his door, in a basket, that he had adopted it, and given it the name of Serena. I could not doubt the truth of the woman's story, (as indeed I did not before,) and I proceeded to New England without any definite plan in my mind. I found you alone and poor—going into the world to seek a living. I talked with the gossips at the village tavern, and as they discussed everybody's affairs, you were mentioned among the rest. They told of Mrs. Wilson's kindness to you, and talked very freely of childish love, and plighted troth, between you and Willie Clyde. Thus I learned much regarding you, which, as you remember, I afterwards turned to account. I obtained a situation as teacher in Linden Hall, that I might watch over, counsel, and protect you. But how was I to do this? Acknowledge our relationship? No! for in the next moment I must tell you that I was the murderer of your parents, and you would turn from me in horror. I would try and gain your confidence, and show you by the interest I took in your welfare that I was your friend. But I was unfortunate in my attempts. I had grown sour and bitter in my conversation of late years. I had allowed a certain bearishness of manner, until it had become my second nature, and I repelled instead of attracting you. Then Allan Meredith came to the city, and I soon saw what was growing up in his heart towards you. He belonged to the family I had injured, and that I hated, and the knowledge that he loved you made me more bitter still, particularly as I thought you returned his regard. My evil nature now rose triumphant, and I tried to make Allan think less of you by base insinuations. He did not believe them, but confronted me and demanded an explanation of my words. It was no part of my policy to quarrel with him, for I knew my fiery temper, and I had enough blood upon my soul already. So I made up a story about my being in love with you, and that my remarks were prompted by jealousy, and he believed me.

"You remember, doubtless, the lunatic we met at the Asylum. That man was Grafton. I recognized him instantly, and yet he was greatly changed. I was struck with horror, fearful that he had revealed his crime in his insanity. The Superintendent put my mind at ease upon that point. But I grew uneasy and restless after that, every day fearing that something might lead to the discovery of my real name. I determined to leave Linden Hall and visit Montreal, in order to ascertain how Grafton came in the condition I found him.

"It seems they had made a mistake in reporting his case the day I called. He was not dead, but hopelessly insane. No one could trace the cause of his insanity; whether remorse had at last fallen upon this bold, bad man, I cannot tell. He remained quietly at the Hospital as long as his wife came every day to see him, but at last she fell sick and died. After that he became very restless, and evinced a constant anxiety to get away, in order to visit the dead, as he affirmed. Finally he escaped, and they knew not what had become of him. This was all that I could gather, but I've no doubt he had some vague idea in his mind that by journeying to Virginia he would meet those whom he had murdered, and obtain their forgiveness. He had got as far in his journey as the city where we saw him, and had there been taken up and confined in the Asylum.

"I did not return to Linden Hall, but I did not lose sight of you. I kept an eye on all your movements, and occasionally sent you money. I would have sent more if I had had it. I was delighted to learn that Allan had left Linden Hall, I was glad to have you in such a place, where I thought you would have few temptations, for I had little faith in human goodness and truth in those days. But I was still more rejoiced when you went to Sydney, and was thrown so constantly in the society of Edgar Dudley. I had made it my business to learn all about him, and as his wife I should have no more to fear for you. Satisfied that you were safe, I left you for a time, and returned to Europe, where I hoped to obtain a little money.

"Returning, I found you at Mrs. Lane's, in Philadelphia, in the midst of your nearest relations, without being aware of it, and, worse than all, Allan with you. My rage knew no bounds; I sought an interview with you. That was no accidental meeting, when I found you wandering alone in the suburbs of Philadelphia, and was so vehement in urging you to leave the city, that Doctor Radnor became alarmed and rescued you so abruptly. After that I still kept watch over you, till I saw you firmly established in Miss Lovell's school, and knew Allan was married. Then I left you and crossed the ocean once more, but this time for my health, which now began to fail.

"In Europe I became personally acquainted with Edgar Dudley. We travelled together so long, (for I purposely chose the same routes he did,) that he could not avoid becoming acquainted with me, and this, strangely enough, on his part deepened into a warm interest. I thought it strange then, for I did not know that the spring of all his actions was love to his fellow-men, and an ardent desire to win souls to Christ. He first taught me where to find comfort for my sin-sick soul—he probed all my wounds, but he pointed out the remedy. A few months' intercourse with him, and I was changed indeed. A happiness and peace I had never known before settled upon my soul. And then I confessed to him the great crime I had committed. He told me I ought certainly to write to you and tell you all. But I resolved to visit Ravenswood once more, and tell you myself. Can you forgive me, Fanny, all the wrong I have caused you?"

I bent over and kissed his forehead, and told him how freely I forgave him. How could I harbor resentment against a dying penitent? He smiled, and, drawing me closer to him, whispered, "And you are to be the wife of Allan Meredith?" I bowed my head in assent. "I am very glad," he said, "it was the wish of your mother. How wonderful, Fanny, have been the dealings of Providence with you!"

He turned to Miss Ogden and said: "And now, Sarah, having heard of all my sin, and of all the wrong I did your loving heart in the days of my youth, I dare not ask your forgiveness."

"I have heard also of your trials and your penitence. I forgave you long ago the pain you gave my weak heart. Poor Henry! how you have suffered since!"

She knelt by the side of the couch, and he lay with both hands clasped in hers—a sweet content and peace upon his face. He had come back to her at last. She thought not that he had blighted her whole life—she saw him not as a murderer—she only saw before her the man she loved, now suffering and dying, and she, with a calmness I marvelled at, talked to him in low, sweet tones, and soothed his last moments with her tender love. The Betrayer and the Betrayed! Angels of Love and Peace hovered o'er them, but another Angel was waiting there also. Soon his sable wings swept between them, and all was dark.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

UNTO THE DAWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILADA.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER V.

RALPH'S CRIME.

"——Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they tread, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabouts."
—SHAKSPEARE.

To a realizing sense of her situation, Margaret was at last aroused by the unclosing of the door of her room, and the entrance of the woman she had known as Mrs. Marshall. She bore a tray of refreshments, and a candle, which she put down on the table.

To all Margaret's eager questions—to all her frantic efforts to escape by the unfastened door, the woman replied only by an ominous grunt; and thrusting her back with violence, she shut the door, and bolted it upon the outside.

The light remained, and by its gleam she was enabled to examine the narrow apartment in which she was confined. It was small and low; the walls were of blackened logs; the floor was covered with coarse matting—a rude bedstead occupied a corner, a deal table, two chairs, and a rude settee, made up the furniture. There were no windows, and only a single door. The stone walls of the Bastile could hardly have held her more securely than this dismal log hut, in the heart of the White Mountains.

Again, and again, Margaret "trod round the narrow limits of her cell," without discovering anything more than the first inspection had revealed to her; and then, sinking down on a chair, she fell to thinking of the singularity of her situation.

Why was she detained here? By whom? and for what purpose?

In vain she asked herself these questions; in vain she conjectured the probable agent by whose instigations she was deprived of her liberty.

She exhausted her brain with fancying the agony which Ralph and William were undergoing for her absence; she wept in despair when she remembered the slight clue by which alone they could trace her.

She shouted for deliverance until her voice failed her, and then from sheer weariness she lay down on the bed, only to fall into uneasy slumbers, from which she would awake pierced by the pain of doubt and uncertainty which filled her heart.

In her solitude she had no measure of night or day; thrice had her food been brought in, and there it remained untasted.

It seemed as if ages had rolled away since she had seen the sunlight, though it could not have been more than twenty hours before that she followed old Bess down the mountain.

Softly the lock of her door was turned, and the opening portal admitted—to the unspeakable horror of Margaret—Carl Anderson! He cast upon her a look of ill-conceal

probably have been taken; and his sister would have been borne away to unhappiness, perhaps dishonor. Still, the crime was the same.

Pale and trembling, the thought of the terrible penalty. Death upon a public gallows! She could not endure to imagine its possibility. Ralph must not remain to subject himself to such a contingency. Hurriedly, and with unsteady voice, she poured forth her anxiety and doubt. He soothed her tenderly as one might a weary infant—but she knew by the lurid light in his eyes that he felt his fate sealed.

"Don't fret about it, Maggie, darling; he richly deserved death."

"But to think of your danger! Oh, Ralph, if you love me, if you would save me from despair and insanity, flee, this very morning! I shall never have another moment's peace until you are away! Dearly as I love you, I had rather give up your presence forever, than live under this horrible fear! Go! Ralph, for the love of Heaven go! I implore you!"

She fell down on her knees before him, and lifted her streaming eyes full of anguish to his face. A spasm shook his strong frame—a pallor swept across his face, which seemed unnatural there. He raised her up, and kissed her forehead.

"But it would not be brave to seek safety in flight, my sister; for my own sake, I would scorn to flee from danger of any kind. But for you I would risk a thousand times!"

"I do not ask your death, my brother—your life! Your life must not be sacrificed! Grant me this, and I am content. Kiss Willie and I once more, and then go! There are other lands than these wilds—go, and by-and-by, when this fearful war is over, and the country is at peace, we will come to you."

But Ralph did not yield to her pleading at once. There was a fierce struggle in his soul, for he was naturally brave and fearless, and little liked the idea of fleeing to escape the wrath of men. At last, won over by his sister's tears, touched to the heart by her extreme wretchedness, he yielded.

One last embrace, a rain of passionate kissing—a solemn charge to William to guard his sister better than he would his own life—a promise to send notice of his wherabouts as soon as practicable—and Ralph Rossmont, Cain-curst, fled from the roof which sheltered him from childhood! An outcast and wanderer on the face of the earth!

Days passed into weeks, and, singularly enough, no stir was made concerning the assassination of Carl Anderson. In a neighborhood so sparsely settled, there was of course, none of that social gossip so common among the dwellers of a rural vicinity; but Margaret had expected that Mrs. Marshall and Jed Smith would inform the proper authorities of the outrage committed against the laws of the State. Every day she looked out a score of times, expecting to see a company of strangers coming up the path to the cottage, but she was disappointed. Perfect silence fell upon the whole affair, and she was ignorant whether Anderson was living or dead.

The war between the United States and England was at its height. The battles of Chippewa and Fort Erie had just been fought, and daily new recruits were demanded by the insatiate Goddess of strife to fill the places of the wounded and slain.

To the far North of New Hampshire, the recruiting sergeants penetrated; and fathers, brothers, husbands, and sons were torn from their helpless families, and borne away to the distant frontiers.

Margaret trembled; for William—her only protector—was now a noble youth of nineteen; and she greatly feared that he, too, might be called upon to go forth in his country's defence. But, like a brave-hearted girl, as she was, she made up her mind that if fate should demand her to give him up, she would make the sacrifice with a spirit and courage worthy of an American-born woman.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, March 27, 1861.

PRIVATEERING.

It may be asked, would not this be a good and useful time for the friends of humanity to propose some scheme for the entire abrogation of privateering? The offer made by Mr. Pierce upon this subject was too hastily withdrawn by Mr. Buchanan, or else, probably, before this, it would have led to such humanizing restrictions upon war, as would have made it a still more unprofitable business than it even now is. At the present moment, when the seceding States are considering all the possible means of annoying the North, the talk of commissioning privateers is the favorite, because the most formidable threat. If any arrangement like that formerly proposed, were now agreed to, between the Government at Washington and the European powers, the real as well as legal effect of it would be binding upon all the Southern States, whose independence has not been acknowledged by a single power. England would at once hold them to it, and certainly not make any arrangement with them which should not include the abandonment of the system.

It is said that we have nothing to fear from privateering, as it needs men, money and ships to carry on the system, and the South, in case of a war, would not have any of these to spare. Nor could they carry on an extensive system of this kind. The North could and would fit out twenty such ships to their one. But the South having no ships to be destroyed, and the cotton being all sold before its shipment, our privateers could only make a descent upon the coast, or follow the Southern privateers into harbors and destroy them, which would be an unprofitable business to all those concerned, while the seizure of a single steamship from Central America might be worth a million of dollars.

The whole practice of privateering is contrary to the principles of modern warfare, which tend increasingly to confine the evils inflicted to the public property of the contending government, and exempt private property from molestation as much as possible. In the most ancient times, nearly all ships seem to have had a strong taste not only for privateering, but for piracy, and there were times when Athens and Corinth, and all the chief towns of Greece were in the habit of sending out their ships as regularly to devastate, pillage, destroy and carry off slaves, as any other branch of industry the most innocent or useful. The Irish pirates carried off St. Patrick when a youth from the house of his father who was a Christian, and this ultimately led to their conversion to Christianity, and thus to the abolition of piracy among them. But among the old North men their Vi-King carried on the business to the tenth and even the eleventh century, when Christianity broke it up, as these lands were gradually softened and subdued by the new religion.

Privateering, strictly and properly, is a sort of modern revival of a portion of this practice—an extreme measure adopted by William of Orange against the Spanish at the revolt of the Netherlands. There is very little doubt but that all European countries would be found ready to meet nearly, if not the whole of our views as set forth a few years ago, causing private property to be respected at sea as on land in time of war. We have every interest in accomplishing this, because our merchant tonnage is larger every year, and increasing so fast that in a few years it is clear we shall have heavier investments in ships and other ocean vessels than even England, as we now have in steamers. A single privateer may stay twenty vessels without chasing one, and raise the price of insurance on all without making a single capture. It demoralizes the seamen of any country practicing it, fitting them for nothing ever after but piracy or the slave trade. The sooner, therefore, that stipulations shall be entered into with European Powers for its abolishment, the better; and with proper diplomacy, this and the capture of private property might be done away with.

NAPOLEON AND THE POPE.

Every nation has its weakness, into which all its other weaknesses merge and with which they combine. We have ours pretty palpably just now. France has one, of which happily we know nothing; but it is becoming very manifest and very sad in its effects, Napoleon and the Bishops of the Roman Catholic church. Austria made a concordat with the Pope a few years ago. The Bishops were satisfied; but the people and even the masses of the priests, so far as they dared think and act independently of episcopal control, despised and disliked the whole arrangement and the government that made it. The Emperor Napoleon, on his first accession, took the greatest pains not only to maintain the union of the Roman Catholic Church and the State, but to make the union extremely cordial. For some years it was so. But Orsini's attempt to assassinate him seems to have reminded him of some long forgotten promise to aid the Italians to obtain their liberties. From that hour the influence of the Bishops has been most hostile to the Emperor. Napoleon did not intend to disturb them.

But the union of the Church and State has given all the acts of the Ecclesiastical authorities a certain legal sanction and endorsement which makes all such acts of very little political weight from what they would possess in this country. Ever since the late complication between the French Government and the Pope the Bishops of France have said all they dared say against Napoleon. The Emperor assures the people that he is a good, earnest Catholic, and that he only differs from the Pope in regard to temporal affairs and reforms of government in Italy. So far Napoleon seems to carry the people with him, and the cause is that the people plainly perceive that the Emperor knows more about civil government, while the Pope, no doubt, is better posted in the rules of his own Church. Napoleon himself is a "*mauvaise sujet*," no doubt, in his private life. But he would support the Church for all that, if the Pope and Cardinals would be reasonable.

But the Bishop of Poictiers has just issued a mandamente most offensive in its allusions to the government of Napoleon. The *Moniteur* publishes an official notice of it, trying to destroy its influence by severe contempt. The public minister, therefore, says of it that he "considered it would be contrary to the intentions of the government to screen such excesses from the judgment of public opinion," and therefore publishes the offensive document, declaring it "audacious," and aiming, under the veil of religion, to attack the Emperor.

A few years ago, or even a few months, the government would probably have suppressed the document and forbidden its publication, but it is clear that it feels strong enough to defy this attempt to overthrow his government. The secret of that strength is the general movement of the age towards a greater separation of Church and State throughout the world, which Napoleon's course, or rather the Pope's quarrel with him, Russia is relaxing, and allows all missionary societies to convert whom they will in his dominions, Jews, Mohammedans or Pagans, providing only they are not members of the Greek Church. For Napoleon to tighten up the regulations might destroy him, but not serve the Roman Catholic influence. The working clergy of the Roman Catholic Church do not seem to be dissatisfied with Napoleon, further than the influence of the present Bishops renders it necessary for them to take this part. But many of the best Catholics are much awakened in their hostility to the course pursued by the heads of their own Church in this matter.

THE RESTORATION OF ROME.

Napoleon follows the initiative in appearance, because he follows the initiative of events in reality. It was thus with Prince Talleyrand, who used to have his spies in every coffee house of Paris all night. These reported to him all that was said there on politics, the next morning, while he was making his toilet, and from that digest of public opinion he formed his course of action, and took up a line of policy which kept him ever at the head of affairs. Napoleon does the same thing on a larger scale. The telegraph and his ministers inform him of what is going on in every court of Europe, and not in the courts alone, but in the newspapers and among the working classes. In Italy just now his agents are particularly busy, and in the city of Rome, held now for thirteen years by his forces, he yields to circumstances, while seeming to guide them.

He has no wish to disturb the Pope. But his Holiness, though a most excellent man, has manifested so little discretion in temporal affairs, that it is impossible longer to maintain the Papal government even in the Imperial city. Rome must be made the Capital of Italy. The Italian people demand it. The Romans themselves demand it; history demands it. Yet Napoleon sends reinforcements and takes possession of the keys, not of the spiritual, but of the temporal dominion, and peacefully listens to the demands of the Roman people for the restoration of the civil rights and government of their own city.

The result will probably be a division of Rome itself, which seems favored by nature and the circumstances of the case. The city is divided into two parts by the river Tiber. On the left bank of the river is the smaller portion, in which stands the Palace of the Vatican, commenced by Constantine, occupied by Charlemagne, and only finished some twelve hundred years after it was commenced, with 4422 rooms, the most remarkable of palaces. Here, too, stands St. Peter's, the most wonderful of all churches, said to have cost twenty-five times as much as St. Paul's Cathedral, in London. This is the ecclesiastical part of the city, and separated by the river from the rest, might be allowed to remain in the hands of the Pope, nominally, as an ecclesiastical patrimony, while the rest might be given up to Victor Emmanuel, as the King of Italy, in consideration of an income, to be paid to him out of the taxes raised from the dominions seized from him.

That things are rapidly hastening to this is obvious, and that France favors this policy is also clear. It will save the Emperor from the attacks, if not from the enmity of Garabaldi and of all the Italians. But beyond this, France will probably still retain forces in the Pope's portion, under some pretext or other, and thus by one force Napoleon will be able to keep in check, if not in terror, Victor Emmanuel on the one side, and the Pope on the other. Both will be under his thumb, as Syria, not to say Turkey, is in the East.

That Napoleon will give up this material guarantee for his own future influence in the affairs of Italy, which the troops he now has in Rome furnishes, we do not believe, unless he obtains in return some equivalent from Sardinia. He is famous for holding on to all possessions once acquired, and so far has managed in such a way that, while seeming to give the people all they want, and even to anticipate all their wants himself, he contrives to get all that he wants amply provided for. Victor Emmanuel moves slowly and carefully, flatters Napoleon, and, by degrees, is acquiring a territory and population so great that he can at some future time become independent of his patron.

THE NEW SOUTHERN CONSTITUTION.

The Congress of the Confederate States have published their permanent Constitution, and, in some of its features, it is an improvement upon the Constitution of the United States. One excellent provision in it is, that "Congress shall not appropriate money from the Treasury, except on a vote of two-thirds of both Houses, unless it be asked and is estimated for by some one of the heads of departments, and submitted to Congress by the President, or for the purpose of paying their own expenses and contingencies; or for the payment of claims against the Confederate States, the justice of which shall have been judicially declared by a tribunal for the investigation of claims against the Government, which is hereby made the duty of Congress to establish." This provision will guard the purity of the Southern Congress, for it will take away one of the strongest temptations to its corruption—the outside lobby pressure, interested in claims and in extra compensation for services performed for the government. Another good provision gives the President power to veto any single appropriation in a bill without affecting the others, which is a death-blow to omnibus legislation and log rolling, in which the engineering skill of members is so frequently exhibited in getting, at the last hour, favorite appropriations tacked on to necessary bills, which cannot be retoed without endangering the public interests.

Senators are required to be elected at the session of the Legislature next preceeding the commencement of the Senatorial term, which prevents those disgraceful party tricks we sometimes see exhibited of electing Senators a year or two in advance. No one of the Confederate States can allow unnaturalized citizens the right of suffrage, as is now done in some of ours, in contempt of the national Constitution. To be a citizen of any State, the voter must also be a citizen of the Confederate States. Every law or resolution having the force of law, shall relate to but one subject, and that shall be expressed in the title. This is another wise provision which ought to be incorporated into the Constitution of the United States and every State in the Union.

No bounties or taxes upon the public generally to sustain some particular branch of business are allowed, and duties upon importations, for the purpose of protection, are prohibited. No tax on exports except by a vote of two-thirds of the States. Amendments to the Constitution must be made in general convention of the States, and two-thirds of the States must support them. This provision, with secession behind, as the right of each State, seems scarcely necessary. Any one dissatisfied State has the power at any moment to break up the Union. This is the fatal weakness of the whole confederated scheme. There is a provision against the foreign slave trade, and one to prevent the border slave States from sending their slaves to the States of the Confederacy, which was done, probably, to force those States into secession. With the supply from Africa cut off, the government, which is founded upon slavery, will be compelled to get its supply from the border States.

COULD NOT AGREE.—It appears, by the Montgomery correspondents of the Southern papers, that there was a great deal of dissension in secret session over the re-opening of the African slave trade and the imposition of a tariff. Mr. Rhett, of South Carolina, wanted free trade in everything, Africans included, but Jef. Davis opposed him strongly. It is these dissensions which kept Davis from not offering Rhett a seat in the cabinet of the Southern Confederacy, which he had earned by his persevering secession efforts for so many years. One of the correspondents says: "When the injunction of secrecy is removed from the proceedings of Congress, you will see some astonishing revelations. I heard a delegate say that the success of the organization of the Confederacy required that these proceedings should be kept secret."

ANOTHER VICTORY.—Charleston exults in the possession now of a steam fire engine, the manufacture of her own mechanics, Messrs. Cameron & Co. Upon the experimental trial steam was got up in six minutes, and with about forty pounds of steam a steady stream was played through an inch and one-sixteenth nozzle, which lasted over an hour. The distance thrown varied from 130 to 160 feet. This is very good for Charleston, but her mechanics will have to exert their skill further before they can compete with those of Philadelphia in making steam fire engines. Reaney & Neafie yet take the palm. There is one great improvement, however, in Charleston. It is much better to expend her skill and energies upon steam engines than upon floating batteries. The victories obtained by industry are more lasting and useful.

THE OFFICIAL CENSUS OF THE UNITED STATES, which is just announced, makes the population thirty-one millions four hundred and twenty-nine thousand eight hundred and ninety-one (31,429,891.) Of these, three millions nine hundred and fifty-one thousand eight hundred and one are slaves.

OUR COUNTRY'S DEFENDERS.

One of the benefits of the present political revolution—for there is no evil without some attending benefit—is that it is directing the whole public mind to the character of the two branches of public service upon which the country relies for its defence in time of war. Such stupendous instances of dereliction of duty, of faithlessness and treachery, as have been exhibited in our army and navy, prove that there is some fatal defect in the choice of material, and that the cause must be either that political reasons control those branches of the service, or that family influences are allowed to predominate in the appointments. It is well known that merit, unbacked by such influences, has very little chance in either the army or navy, and that it is rare to hear of any soldier being raised from the ranks or any sailor ever rising to a petty officer, or matter how faithful either may prove, or matter how faithful either may be, or what amount of capacity he may exhibit. In this respect the navy is more aristocratic and exclusive than the army, for occasionally a brave and competent subordinate in the army does get a commission in the latter, and then the fact is trumpeted all over the country as an evidence of the liberality of our institutions and their truly Democratic character, as if men in humble positions, without family or political connexions of influence, could not, in a land where education is universal, possess brains, and would not use them, when the occasion required, for their own and the public advantage.

We have paid an immense amount of money for the establishment of an army and navy, and upon every festive and patriotic occasion they are toasted as the two arms of protection for our country. The country has been resting, for its protection, upon a fatal delusion, and is just beginning to awaken to the fact. The treason of a Twiggs opens our eyes to the kind of material which may be in our army, and the betrayal of important naval posts, as at Pensacola, shows us what incapacity, if not treachery, have crept into that branch of the service. The treason is not so manifest in the latter case, but incompetency and weakness are still more conspicuous: just what may be looked for in an establishment made so exclusive and aristocratic. It is pitiable to read the evidence of the select committee of Congress, raised to inquire into the seizure of public property, and see the conduct of Capt. Armstrong, who was in command of Pensacola when the State troops of Florida demanded its surrender. Throughout the whole of it we look for any high and commanding qualities as an officer, any pride of service, or any patriotic spirit; but there is abundant evidence of his weakness, selfishness and incapacity. When the "gallant and polished" traitor, Lomax, demanded the surrender of United States property, poor Armstrong felt "distressed and embarrassed," but immediately a revulsion of gratitude occurred. We give his own language:—"I concluded he felt for my position, for which I felt very grateful to find there was some one who had some feeling for me; it raised him in my estimation." When he surrendered, which he did without much ceremony, and his first Lieutenant, Renshaw, stood ready and eager to haul down the flag which he was sworn to defend, the gallant and spirited Armstrong says, "I looked at the man astonished; it appeared to arouse me from a dream. I bowed, and turned my head away—whether for shame at his own want of spirit at the traitorous conduct of Renshaw, he leaves us to conjecture. When asked why he did not destroy property which he knew would fall into the hands of rebels, his answer was, that he "never assumed powers not delegated to him." "It was not his province to destroy, but to preserve property," even though he knew it would strengthen the hands of the enemies of his Government. Certainly, strict construction could not go further, and a wooden machine would have had as clear a sense of duty. But the crowning proof of his wretched selfishness and imbecility is found in his reception of Lieut. Sanders, who was sent to him by the United States Government, with despatches. Sanders was informed on the way that Pensacola had surrendered, but he refused to surrender the despatches, and his determined conduct induced Major Chase, of the State troops, to let him deliver them to Armstrong. What did the gallant Armstrong do? In his own langnage again:—

"I said: I am sorry you did not destroy them when you heard that the navy yard was surrendered." Sanders said that he had heard of that when he was half-way between Montgomery and Pensacola, and he hoped he might get to Pensacola and see me and hand me the despatches. I told him that I was very sorry he had not destroyed them. He said that Major Chase had asked him to deliver them to him, and he told him that he could not surrender them up to anybody but me; that he must put them in my hands, or they would have to wrest them from him; and that he had granted him the permission to come down there and place them in my hands. I said to him: "You are placing me in another horrible position; here they can take them from you or me by force; see the position I am placed in. These men have brought you here a prisoner to me, a prisoner. I can receive these things from your hands, but they can take them from me." Said Randolph: "We have the force to do it, and we must do it; if we can wrench them from you, we must have them." Then I said: "Mr. Sanders, in order that you may fulfil your orders, I will take them and give you a receipt for them, which will be witnessed here." He took them out of his bosom and handed them to me. I saw they were from the Navy Department; but without my breaking the seal, they were demanded from me and taken possession of.

And this is the conduct of a man holding the high position of a Captain in the Navy. When such men can hold such positions, there must be something essentially wrong in the very constitution of the service.

NAPOLEON AND AUSTRIA.

We are beginning to see what Napoleon has been preparing for all winter, namely, the prospect of a spring campaign with Austria, no doubt probably backed up by Prussia. The Bishop of Poictiers' comparison of Napoleon to Judas Iscariot, which was certainly not very loyal, shows the inconveniences to every government of this sort of double allegiance. But the threat of Austria to hold Rome for the Pope, if France withdraws, is a sort of threat which nothing but the hopeless bankruptcy of Austria can prevent it from attempting to execute, and while executing, to get into a war with France and Italy together.

That Prussia would seriously back Austria in such a war as this, undertaken solely for the purpose of supporting the Pope, we can hardly believe. Nothing but the desire, if possible, to humble France, could occasion such a determination. But should things come to that pass, there is little doubt but France and Italy would not only hold their own, but drive Austria clear out of Venice. No doubt Austria has as much right to send troops to Rome to support the Pope as Napoleon had, but neither had any right at all. Napoleon has made himself the guardian of Rome, intending thereby to do as Charlemagne did, create himself a sort of political necessity to the support of the Roman Catholic religion—the eldest son supporting the venerable mother. But instead of this, he has found himself well nigh ruined, by union of Church and State, or the attempt to govern a State so as to conform to the views of the ecclesiastical authorities alone, without regard to the civil rights and liberties of the people.

Finding that he must quarrel with one or the other, Napoleon has chosen to endure the wrath of the Pope rather than that of the people. Hence it is that the Bishops call him Judas, because he claims to be their friend and yet subverts their power and delivers it into the hands of the people. It is equally certain that he began by betraying the liberties of Rome to the hands of the Pope, and he may, therefore, be said to owe this restoration of power to those from whom it was wrested.

The whole of this present difficulty has originated from Napoleon's *own interference* with religious matters, against the wishes of the people and the rights of all parties. It has brought him nothing but weakness where he looked for strength, created a universal suspicion of his word and principles, and alienated from him the priests and the whole of the devotedly religious element of power among the French people. After twelve years of authority, a large army kept up in Rome at his own expense, after crushing liberty like an eggshell, he now has to crush the Pope or his temporal power, and put things exactly where he found them.

Napoleon will never give up Rome to let Francis of Austria possess it. He will, therefore, have to induct the King of Italy *by degrees* into power at Rome, and it will be a difficult matter to manage this so as not to bring on another European war. Another lesson of all this is that nations do not grow any wiser by war; but rather are they like the man-eating tiger, which, when once it has had a taste of human blood, can never be cured of the propensity to indulge in this perilous taste. Napoleon re-inaugurated the glories of war, and now he cannot stop. So it will be with us if we once get engaged in civil war. It is thus now in Mexico. General Scott deserves the highest credit for what he has so far prevented.

EASIER SAID THAN DONE.—A writer in the New York Advertiser wants Fort Sumter to blown up when Major Anderson leaves it, as it would prevent South Carolina hereafter from using this fortress, to the injury of the Northern States, by allowing England or France to hold possession of it. It is very easy to say blow up Fort Sumter, but the idea supposes that the South Carolinians are a little duller than they have proved themselves to be. The same conditions which cause the fort to be abandoned will prevent it from being blown up. The surrender must necessarily be an act of negotiation or arrangement with the State authorities, for otherwise, vessels which are to take Anderson and his force away, cannot obtain entrance into the harbor. South Carolina will see that the fort is safely delivered to it, and we should not be surprised if all the armament and stores will also be handed over to it. Blowing up the fort will do no good, for it could be rebuilt and be as dangerous to the United States as ever.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

SPECIAL SESSION OF THE SENATE.

On *Tuesday* another interesting debate took place in the Senate upon the resolution presented by Mr. Douglas, making inquiries relative to the fortifications and other public property in the seceded States. Remarks were made by Messrs. Clingman, of North Carolina; Grimes, of Iowa; Clark and Hale, of New Hampshire; Chandler, of Michigan; Breckinridge, of Kentucky, and Simmons, of Rhode Island. The latter gentleman proposed a substitute for Mr. Douglas' resolution, instructing the Committee on the Judiciary to make inquiries as to qualifications of Senators, what vacancies there are and whether the Executive of any State in which vacancies may exist has a constitutional right to make temporary appointments. No action was taken on the resolutions, it being decided to hold an Executive Session.

On *Wednesday*, Mr. Hale offered a resolution, which was laid over under the rule, providing for the adjournment of the Senate on Saturday next, *sine die*. Mr. Douglas' resolution relative to the forts, arsenal, and other public property in the seceded States, was then again considered, and Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, made a speech in advocacy of a proposition introduced by him, providing that the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, should be vested with full power and authority to accept the declaration of the seceded States that they constitute an alien people, and that he shall conclude with them a treaty acknowledging their independence as a separate nation. This, Mr. Bayard contended, was the only way in which to avoid civil war. At the conclusion of his speech the Senate, without action on his proposition, went into Executive Session.

Among the appointments sent to the Senate were those of Hon. Anson Burlingame, of Massachusetts, as Minister to Austria; Henry S. Sanford, of Connecticut, as Minister to Belgium, Rufus King, of Wisconsin, as Minister to Rome, and Bradford R. Wood, of New York, as Minister to Denmark. A number of important Consular appointments were also made, and Gen. Nye's name was sent in for Governor of the new Territory of Nevada. Several foreign appointments, previously sent in, were confirmed. Relative to the New York appointments there is yet nothing to report.

On *Thursday*, Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, continued his speech in the Senate, and had not concluded when it was voted to go into Executive Session. He took the ultra Pro-Slavery view of the secession question, and argued that African slavery was abstractly right, and that property in slaves should be recognized by the Federal Government.

On *Friday*, Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, continued and concluded his remarks in the Senate on Mr. Douglas' resolution of inquiry relative to the forts and other public property in the seceded States. This argument was in favor of the recognition of the new Confederacy, and the formation of a treaty with its Government—otherwise, in his opinion, a conflict is inevitable. He was followed by Mr. Howe, of Wisconsin, the new Senator from that State, who argued against the passage of Mr. Douglas' resolution, on the ground that it would be improper, in the present condition of country, to made such information public. He had not concluded his speech when the Senate went into Executive Session. Previous to the consideration of Mr. Douglas' resolution, Mr. Powell, of Kentucky, called up his resolution providing for extra pay to the Committee Clerks in the last session. The resolution met with so much opposition that it finally failed of passing, only twelve members voting in its favor.

There were confirmed the following nominations: J. W. Nye, of New York, Governor of Nevada; Rufus King, Minister Resident at Rome; Bradford R. Wood, Minister Resident at Denmark; Anson Burlingame, Minister to Austria; Elisha O. Crosby, Minister Resident at Guatemala; J. O. Putnam, Consul to Havre; Freeman H. Morse, Consul to London; Jas. H. Anderson, of Ohio, Consul to Hamburg; Francis H. Moody, Receiver of Public Moneys, at Little Rock; Lieutenant Hartsuff, Assistant-Adjutant General, with the rank of Captain; John J. C. Cochran, Postmaster at Lancaster, Pennsylvania; Warren H. Huntingdon, Postmaster at Galena, Ill.; Edward C. Davis, Postmaster at Dubuque, Iowa; James F. Abrahams, Postmaster at Burlington, Iowa; Sidney F. Van Bonhorst, Postmaster at Pittsburg, Penn.; David G. Rose, Marshal for Indiana; Wm. F. Gurley, Attorney for Iowa; George A. Hourse, Attorney for Minnesota; Alexander C. Sands, Marshal for the Southern District of Ohio; Hubert M. Hoxie, Marshal for Iowa. The following nominations have been made for the Territory of Colorado: William Gilpin, Governor; Lewis L. Wells, Secretary; Benj. F. Hall, of New York, Chief Justice; S. Newton Pettis, of Pennsylvania, and Charles Lee Armour, of Maryland, Associate Justices; Copeland Townsend, Marshal; William L. Stroughton, of Michigan, Attorney; Francis M. Case, of Ohio, Surveyor-General; Marsh E. Dunnell, of Maine, Consul to Vera Cruz; Joshua R. Giddings, of Ohio, has been nominated for Consul Generbl to the British North American Provinces; Thomas Corwin, having withdrawn his declination, was confirmed as Minister to Mexico.

On *Saturday*, the Vice President announced that he would not be present during the remainder of the session, and Mr. Foote was unanimously chosen to act as President of the Senate *pro tem.* Mr. Foote returned thanks for the honor, after which a committee was appointed to announce to the Vice President the election of a substitute. The Hon. John Sherman was then qualified, his credentials having been presented to fill the place of Salmon P. Chase. Mr. Hale's resolution to proceed to the election of subordinate officers was taken up and warmly debated for some time, but without coming to any conclusion the Senate went into Executive Session and subsequently adjourned.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The arrival of the Arago, at New York, furnishes us with European dates to March 6. The news is not of special interest. In the British House of Commons the Syrian occupation had been once more the topic of animated discussion; the opposition reiterating their attacks on the ministry, with increased effect. From the continent, in the meantime, word reaches us that May will witness the withdrawal of the French army. The recent speech of Prince Napoleon in the French Senate, vindicating the policy of the Emperor, engrossed public attention in France to the exclusion of all other topics. The speech which was extremely liberal in tenor, and strong in denunciation of the temporal authority of the Pope, and of the opponents of Italian unity, gave general satisfaction, and is reputed as eliciting the open applause of the Emperor. The citadel of Messina still held by the Bourbonists under Gen Cialdini, who had appprised the garrison that they were to be treated not as enemies in equal warfare, but as rebels and insurgents. Although the bombardment had lasted for some days, the besieged had not fulfilled their threat of firing upon the town. No new development had occurred in the Austro-Hungarian question. Denmark had received an intimation from all the great Powers that she would be required to submit the budget for the current year to the Schleswig-Holstein Chambers: Austria adding a warning that noncompliance would precipitate military measures. The question of self-emancipation was so nearly resolved in Russia as to render the accomplishment of the reform a matter of a few days' time. At Warsaw order has been perfectly restored.

By the arrival of the Canada at Halifax, and of the Europa and the Teutonia at New York, we have European advices to March 9. The Europa brings the cargo of the Australasian. The affairs of Poland continue to engage general attention. The petition of the people for administrative reform, national recognition and constitutional freedom, had obtained 60,000 signatures, and was to be delivered to the Emperor by Prince Gortschakoff, who was prepared to support its demands. The Bank of Poland having refused to redeem Russian bonds with specie, the sum required had been forcibly taken by the Government, aided by the military. The number killed in the recent affray is ascertained to be fifty-three. No change had taken place in matters at Rome, though a rumor prevailed that Prince Napoleon was about to visit Italy with a view to negotiating the withdrawal of the French troops. The blockade of the citadel of Messina is officially announced, and the firing had commenced. Nearly all the foreign vessels had quitted the harbor. From Spain there comes an intimation that the Government is about to demonstrate the sincerity of its hostility to the slave-trade by stationing a squadron upon the African coast. The reproaches of Lord Palmerston on the subject had provoked great indignation at Madrid. A ministerial crisis is said to be imminent at Constantinople, growing out of financial difficulties. The reports of the famine in Northwestern India prove not to have been exaggerated. In the Liverpool cotton market prices had slightly advanced. Breadstuffs quiet but steady.

THE NEW ONE-CENT STAMPED ENVELOPES.—The Post-office Department has been notified by the contractor that the new one-cent stamped envelopes, combining the new improvement of the dissolving lines, are now ready for distribution. These envelopes are chiefly intended for circulars, and have been issued in response to memorials from publishers and merchants of the large cities. They will, during the present week, be distributed among the most important post-offices, for sale by them at one dollar and ten cents per thousand, exclusive of the stamp, which is a reduction of forty cents per thousand upon the rates of the present one-cent stamped envelope, comprising this improvement.

CHEAP FRUIT.—Apples of the very finest quality are said to be now selling in the market of Erie, Pa., for from 15 cts. to 24 cts. per bushel.

THE TARIFFS NORTH AND SOUTH.

The following comparison of a few of the articles embraced in the various tariffs of the North and South, will show how the two sections stand at present, and how their interests will be effected under the new tariff. The first column is the present U. S. tariff, the second the existing Southern tariff, based upon the U. S. tariff. The third is the new U. S. tariff, just adopted, and the fourth the proposed new tariff for the Confederated States, but which it is reported has not been passed. It will be seen that the rates of the existing Southern tariff are less than the existing U. S. tariff, but this difference is still greater under the new United States tariff and the Southern proposed tariff.

	Tariff, 1857. Dutiespct. ad v.	Southern existing tariff, per ct	Tariff of 1861.	Southern proposed tariff.
Brandy,	30	30	100 pr. gl.	15
Ale, Beer, &c.	30	24	15 "	15
Clothing,	30	24	30 pr. ct.	15
Earthen ware and china ware,	30	24	25	15
Hats, bonnets,	30	24	30	15
Socks, shirts,	30	15	30	15
Carpets,	30	24	30 to 30	15
Coal,	30	24	$1.00 pr. ton.	free
Cotton cord,	30	24	30	15
Cutlery,	30	24	30	15
Artificial flowers,	30	24	30	20
Hemp, unmanu'ed,	30	24	25	15
Iron,	30	24	25 to 30	10
Jewelry,	30	24	25	15
Metal wares,	30	24	30	15
Glassware,	30	24	30	25
Woollen manu'res,	30	24	25 to 30	15
Paper,	30	24	30	15
Feathers,	24	24	30	15
Cotton manufac tures,	24	—	1 to 4cts. per sq. yd.	free
Floor matting,	24	19	20	15

The following free list of the proposed Montgomery Tariff will show still better how that measure is likely to affect Northern productions and industry:

Books, maps, charts, mathematical and nautical instruments, philosophical apparatus, and all other articles whatever imported for the use of the Confederate States.

Books, pamphlets, periodicals and tracts, published by religious associations.

All philosophical apparatus, instruments, books, maps and charts, statues, statuary, busts and casts of marble, bronze, alabaster or plaster of Paris, paintings and drawings, etchings, specimens of sculpture, cabinet of coins, medals, gems and all collections of antiquities, provided the same be specially imported in good faith for the use of any society incorporated or established for philosophical and literary purposes, or for the encouragement of the fine arts, or for the use or by the order of any college, academy, school or seminary of learning in the Confederate States.

Bullion, gold and silver.

Coins, gold, silver and copper.

Coffee.

Copper, when imported for the mint of the Confederate States.

Garden Seeds, and all other seeds for agricultural and horticultural purposes.

Goods, wares and merchandise, the growth, produce or manufacture of the Confederate States, exported to a foreign country, and brought back to the Confederate States in the same condition as when exported, upon which no drawback has been allowed; provided, that all regulations to ascertain the identity thereof, prescribed by existing laws, or which may be prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury, shall be complied with.

Household effects, old and in use, of persons or families from foreign countries, if used abroad by them, and not intended for any other purpose or purposes, or for sale.

Models or inventions, or other improvements in the arts, provided that no article or articles shall be deemed a model which can be fitted for use.

Personal and household effects, not merchandise, of citizens of the Confederate States dying abroad.

Specimens of natural history, mineralogy or botany, provided the same be imported in good faith for the use of any society incorporated or established for philosophical, agricultural or horticultural purposes, or for the use or by the order of any college, academy, school or seminary of learning in the Confederate States.

Wearing apparel and other personal effects, not merchandise, professional books, implements, instruments and tools of trades, occupation or employment of persons arriving in the Confederate States, provided that this exemption shall not be construed to include machinery or other articles imported for use in any manufacturing establishment or for sale.

Bacon, pork, hams, lard, beef, wheat, flour and bran of wheat, flour and bran of all other grains, Indian corn and meal, barley, rye, oats and oatmeal, and living animals of all kinds not otherwise provided for; also, all agricultural productions, including those of the orchard and garden, in their natural state, not otherwise provided for.

Gunpowder, and all the materials of which it is made.

Lead, in pigs or bars, in shot or balls, for cannon, muskets, rifles or pistols.

Rags, of whatever material composed.

Arms, of every description, for military purposes, and parts thereof, munitions of war, military accoutrements, and percussion caps.

Cotton.

Ships, steamers, barges, dredging vessels, machinery, screw pile jetties, and articles to be used in the construction of harbors, and for dredging and improving the same.

LEGISLATIVE RECKLESSNESS.—The Cattle-weighing Bill, to tax every consumer of butchers' meat for the purpose of supplying a fat office for some one too lazy to work at an honest calling, is still before the Legislature, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the people against it. With any honest Legislature, the presentation of such a proposition would be sufficient to kill it at once, but our Legislature seems determined, in this and other measures of legislation, to establish for itself the character of being the most unscrupulous which ever assembled at Harrisburg. There is no villanous scheme, to benefit individuals at the expense of the public, that is of too monstrous a character to be entertained. Appeals to reason are of no avail, there is only one kind of argument which seems to have any influence with the members, and that, unfortunately, must be always in favor of those who have private purposes to serve. The Legislature seems determined to drive legislation to that point, that none of its acts will be submitted to, without testing its constitutionality in the only tribunal which can legally control such manifest and outrageous legislative despotism.

THE LAW OF DIVORCE.—Both Massachusetts and Virginia are endeavoring so to amend their laws of divorce as to render them conformable to that common law which governs the nations of parties the gordian knot of whose matrimonial difficulties has been judicially severed. In the Senate of the first named Commonwealth, a bill has been reported which provides that the party against whom the divorce was granted, may petition the Supreme Court for leave to marry again, and either of the justices may grant the petition. And there is now before the Virginia Senate a bill, looking to the easy reconciliation of divorced couples, by providing that when a decree for a separation forever, or for a limited period, shall have been pronounced in a suit for a divorce from bed and board, it may be revoked at any time thereafter by the same Court by which it was pronounced, under such regulations and restrictions as the Court may impose upon the joint application of the parties, and upon their producing satisfactory evidence of their reconciliation, and where a divorce from bed and board has been decreed for abandonment or desertion, and five years shall have elapsed from the abandonment or desertion, without such reconciliation, the Court may, upon the application of the injured party and the production of satisfactory evidence, whether taken theretofore, or in support of such application, decree an absolute divorce from the bond of matrimony; provided the Court shall be of opinion that such decree would have been proper when the decree from bed and board was pronounced, had five years then elapsed, and the wh

ARMY AND NAVY.

Death of Commodore Wilkinson—Naval Items.

NORFOLK, Va., March 24.—Commodore Jesse Wilkinson, of the U. S. N., died at his residence in this city to-day.

The repairs of the U. S. steamer Pocohontas and sloop-of-war Germantown are rapidly approaching completion.

Capt. James H. North, of the Navy of the Southern Confederacy, arrived here, to-day, from Charleston, and will leave on Monday for New York.

Col. Grower, of this city, has been appointed First Lieutenant in the army of the Southern Confederacy.

Naval Orders.

NEW YORK, March 24.—Letters were yesterday received at the Navy Yard, to forthwith fit out the U. S. frigates Wabash and Roanoke for sea, and workmen were immediately employed on them. The latter will haul out into the stream to-morrow.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, March 27, 1861.

TERMS OF THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER

To Single Subscribers, one year..... $1 00
Club of Six, for one year..... 5 00
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Club of Thirty-four, " " " 25 00
Club of Fifty-four, " " " 40 00
Club of Eighty, " " " 60 00
Club of One Hundred, " " " 75 00

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No subscription for less than one year will be received. The "Newspaper" is always discontinued at the expiration of the time for which it is paid.

Postage on the Dollar Newspaper.

To any Post-office in Pennsylvania, 13 cents per year.
To any Post-office out of Pennsylvania, 26 cents per year.
To any Post-office in any of the British Provinces, 26 cents per year, payable at this office at the time of subscription.
To any Post-office out of the United States, other than the British Provinces, the postage is two cents per number of the paper, or one dollar and four cents per year, payable at this office at the time of subscribing.

TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"THE SCHOOL MISTRESS," by S. A. B., is very clever in its way, but will hardly do to print.

"THE SUICIDE'S SOLILOQUY" is very respectfully declined, though it has merit as a composition.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN NEW YORK.

Twenty years ago Prof. Jewett, a Minister of one of the Western Colleges, was induced by Gen E. D. King, of Marion, Ala., to take charge of a female college, which he and others had founded in that town. The institution succeeded beyond all others of the same class in that State, and the daughters of the wealthiest planters flocked to it from the States of the whole Southwest in great numbers, and many ladies who are now the brightest ornaments of society from all the Western Cotton States—the wives and daughters of Governors and statesmen distinguished at home, at Washington and in European society, there received their education.

After remaining there ten or fifteen years, and fairly mastering all the difficulties of a position that brought him many competitors, and not a few who envied his success, he retired with no little fame and an easy competency. Whether it was that he foresaw the gathering clouds of the secession or not and did not fancy thus being drawn or driven out of the Union, we know not. But he established at Poughkeepsie, New York, an independent institution of his own of a similar character, which has now been in successful operation for five or six years, when a gentleman of distinguished wealth and liberality, residing in the same town as Professor Jewett, and a member of the same Church, offered the princely sum of *four hundred thousand dollars* to endow a Female College to be under the Presidency of the Professor. A charter has been obtained, trustees appointed and the institution to be called after the principal donor, Mr. Vassar, bids fair to be one of the most useful and important institutions in the country.

The chief point of debate at the present time is, whether to build, by degrees, out of the interest of the money, or to expend, as was at first proposed, the whole two hundred thousand which was intended for buildings and grounds, the interest of the remainder alone expended in the support of the Professors and of the working expenses of the Institution. We suppose that there can be no question that the latter plan will be found preferable, both because it is the original plan, and because fourteen thousand dollars of interest, together with the tuition fees, will be ample to cover every annual expenditure needful. But it is of the utmost importance that the physical advantages of ample grounds for exercise, and wholesome grounds for study and abode should not be lost to a whole generation. The mental advantages of a perfect and liberal apparatus and library, and the moral advantages of a whole well perfected and complete system of education, with the full means at hand to carry out the entire schemes, are incalculable.

The number of students who will instantly be found to flock from all parts of the country to avail themselves of all this, is so great that it would well repay the inhabitants of other places to make the most liberal endowments to form similar institutions. But, in the mean time, as this the first attempt at investing anything like so large a sum as nearly half a million of dollars in a single institution for female education, we earnestly hope that the effort may and will be made to exhibit female education *in all its completeness*, physical, intellectual, social and moral. Miss Willard's Seminary at Troy, and many others like that of the Abbotts and the Rutgars Institute in New York, and many of the similar establishments in this city, are doing much for those who are to be the wives and mothers of future generations. But the great and peculiar features of the Vassar Female College, in its ample endowments and its well selected board of Trustees, will enable it to realize a perfectness and completeness in female education of the highest importance.

THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

The Southern Confederate States consider that, notwithstanding they have left the Union, that fact does not impair their right to their share of the public property, including the territories of the United States. Mr. Wright, of Georgia, has actually started the question in the Montgomery Congress, on the application of a gentleman in Washington, to promote the scheme of the New Mexican Railway Company. The right to legislate upon this subject affecting territorial rights of the United States and the right of the Secession States in the territories, was then discussed. Though the Speaker doubted the policy and prudence of starting the question now, while all means of negotiation had failed, yet the right of the Confederate States in the territories was very distinctly and unequivocally announced. "However," said the Speaker, "with my consent, while this Confederacy has an arm to defend its rights, shall the Confederate States give up their interest in the public domain. Never, sir, and more especially as a Southern man, will I consent to relinquish those rights. They were emphatically the purchase of Southern treasure and Southern blood. It is true, sir, that the expenses of the Mexican war was borne out of the national treasury, but, if we are correct in our opinion, the greatest amount of revenue received by that Government is directly and indirectly contributed by the South." It will be seen from this that the question of the evacuation of the forts is not the only troublesome question which the Administration will have to decide. The question of the territories will be a still more troublesome one, and the division of public property, including naval ships, war material, &c., will soon be added to it. The prospect of an easy time for the new Administration is not very flattering. There will have to be backing down on one side or the other. Which?

ONLY ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

The "newspaper" is a useful institution! It not only tells the news, retails jokes, discourses on morals, defends the innocent, denounces the guilty, but it is a capital thing for a cold day. Thus; a thin shawl may be made warm by folding a newspaper inside of it. The paper is impervious to the wind and cold air from outside, and prevents the rapid escape of the warm air beneath it. Again; when you set out on a winter journey, if you are liable to suffer from cold toes, which many people do in spite of "rubbers," fold a piece of newspaper over your stockings, which you can readily do, if your boots or shoes are not irrationally tight. This is better than "rubbers," which are, in fact, very cold comforters in extreme, while they make the feet sweat in moderate weather. Once more: the constitutional vivacity and temper of a person has much to do with his endurance of cold. For this vivacity is a sort of nervous fire that lessons the sensibility to outward impressions. An indifferent milk and water person without energy and force, is at the mercy of every cold blast that sweeps round corners. Now you never saw a constant reader of newspapers "indifferent milk and water sort of person," never! If there is any "get up" in a person, the newspaper will bring it out. This being so, isn't it singular, that such a great blessing should be the last thing people think of paying for! Yea, verily!

THE AGGREGATE NUMBER OF DEATHS in Philadelphia for the week ending on Saturday, the 23d inst., was 365—111 adults and 194 children. There were 37 from consumption of the lungs, 24 from inflammation of the lungs, 21 from small pox, 24 from scarlet fever, 19 from debility, 16 from convulsions, 10 from diptheria and 7 from palsy. One person in the list was over 100 years.

REVIEWS.

Solomon, the wise, tells us not to inquire why the former days were better than the present. The great trouble with a certain class of modern writers is, sufficiently to show their sense of the superiority of the present days over all former times. It seems that, among other of his remarkable sayings of this sort, Macaulay speaks of the English Reviews as a "noble literature, *the greatest* of the many glories of England." That he was the prince of all Reviewers, no one doubts; not so pungent, perhaps, as Lord Jeffrey, but infinitely more finished and comprehensive. Not so bitter as Brougham nor so intolerant, but far more interesting and effective—nor so witty as Sidney Smith, but more wise.

But are these Reviews "the greatest of the many glories of England," or what is their proper position in literature? Is it only the remarkable talents of the leading men who have been connected with them, that have kept them up, or has the inherent value of the Reviewing system made them the conspicuous and powerful men they became through it. There has probably been a reciprocal action. There was a want in the literature of the age which these works supplied, and the brilliant, dashing, bold and manly writings of such men as Brougham, Jeffrey, Sidney Smith, Macaulay and Stevens, have given reviewing a popularity and a power in England, which it has not yet attained in this country. In every department of literature, all have monthly or quarterly journals of the highest merit, and in which articles appear full of the most able condensations of all that has recently been proved or conjectured belonging to its own peculiar department. But there is no one interesting Review which seems to have the knowledge at command to present popular and spicy articles conveying to the wise all the latest information not to be had in the cyclopædias, and yet so thoroughly conversant with the fundamental principles of the subject, as to be able to present them in a lucid shape to those who have never made these subjects their deliberate study.

The low price of books, however, is one reason for the secondary character of our Reviews. In England, what we should call large editions of new works are almost unknown. The public look for a review of a work, before they will buy it, in some of the Quarterlies, and as for common works, the reviews will suck all the marrow out, and digest all that is valuable even from the bones, so that, having read the review, you have obtained all the valuable information, without the trouble, time and expense of the superfluous details. With us the system of reviewing will become more and more necessary from the multiplication of volumes. Let any man who has spent a hundred dollars or so per annum in buying just such books of the current literature of the day as he has desired, look over his library, and he will be astonished to find out how few of them he has ever wanted to look into after a single perusal. The information he obtained was valuable at the time, no doubt, because it was in advance of what he then knew. But he has outgrown it now, and later information renders it comparatively useless.

The books to which a man turns again are works of *condensed* thought. One cyclopædia will be consulted a hundred times where a novel or a book of travels is forgotten. A poem, or any work of mathematics which expresses a thought with more precision, and, therefore, condensation, than it can possibly be put in otherwise, these never wear out, but are turned to again and again with increasing pleasure. A review, properly speaking, is the condensation of all the most recent information on a given subject in a popular form, by one thoroughly posted up and disposed to save his reader all the detail and drudgery that can be spared. It is the history of the progress of a science, an art, or a branch of knowledge. Hence with every man of thought, there is an increasing tendency, the older he grows, to divide his reading more between reviews on the one hand and cyclopœdias on the other.

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTION BILL.

This election bill is a proof how reckless a majority may become when it knows its strength and has certain partisan objects to accomplish. Nobody, perhaps, would regret the change effected by that bill in lengthening the terms of office, for experience in the heads of departments, where they are otherwise competent, adds greatly to their value as public officers. But when the Legislature undertakes to extend the terms of those *in* office, they violate a fundamental right of the people—that of electing their own officers—which strikes at the very foundation of popular Government. There are grave doubts whether the Legislature can constitutionally do an act of this kind, and we hear that the matter is now in the hands of legal gentlemen of ability to test the matter before the Supreme Court. If the Legislature may continue persons in office for six months longer than they have been elected by the people, they may go further, and continue them in six years, or even for life, so that the people could never get rid of a bad set of public servants, except through similar legislative action, the tendency of which would be to introduce disorder and confusion in every branch of the public service. The interests and liberties of the people are best preserved when the functions of the Legislature are exercised within the clear authority of the Constitution; so soon as they overstep that by the assumption of unrecognized or undelegated power, they are on the way to the establishment of despotic authority which disregards both Constitution and law.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

The Hackensack and New York Train, which left Jersey City on Wednesday, of last week, with twenty passengers, plunged through a drawbridge about seven miles from Jersey City. The light was exhibited to show the draw was up, but the engineer in charge had never seen the bridge in that condition, and either did not understand or did not see it.

As soon as he discovered the peril he gave the signal-whistle to have the brakes put on, reversed the engine, but saw that it was all over. Off the brink of the draw down plunged the engine and tender, with a roar and crash that were heard more than two miles away. The engine divided the waters, went some thirty feet below the surface, and was followed by the car, which probably turned partially over in its descent, but was again righted by striking upon the bowsprit of a schooner that was just on the point of passing through, the collision tearing open a long strip in the roof of the car. All this, of course, happened in almost as short a space as it can be thought of; indeed the car had rested its forward end upon the sunken engine before the parted waters had returned to their place. The car, which was a very long one, was left with its forward end, up to about the first ventilator, immersed in water, and the rear end resting upon the edge of the draw, and at an angle of about 45 degrees.

Some of the passengers clung to their seats, and others were thrown about. The conductor, Ribhard A. Doremus, was at the time standing in the center of the car, when the shock and descending motion of the car sent him nearly twenty-five feet forward through the door of the smoking saloon, an apartment taking up seven feet of the length of the car. The water which was rushing in through the outside door shut this inner door behind him, and he, with the brakesman, Owen Quinn, and Peter Van Houghten, of Hackensack, were nearly up to their chins in an icy element, and cooped up within this limited compartment. The conductor secured a hold upon the ring through which the bell rope passes against the roof. It is said that quite an earnest struggle took place between them as to who should have possession of this bit of iron—now the brakesman, and then the conductor secured it for alternate moments.

A bystander says that as the car fell into the chasm, cries and shrieks arose, mingled with and continued after the noises of the water and the crash of the falling train.

The passengers, consisting of three ladies and fourteen men, who had been more or less jostled about, soon climbed up the ascent and emerged through the rear door, having sustained little injury beside the fright, save that in one case a lady had one or two teeth knocked out. Meanwhile the three unfortunates in the little smoking room were screaming for help and seizing by turns the anchor in the roof. A couple of axes had been brought from the schooner close by, and a hole cut through the top of the room, which gave the men a little air, or possibly they would have been suffocated. One of the windows of the car, said to have been two or three feet under water, was broken open by the brakesman, and the three men successively passed down and crawled through it, being picked up at once. They are believed to have been in the water from fifteen to twenty minutes. One had become crazed, and it was with difficulty that he could be restrained from jumping back into the river.

The engineer, according to his own account, went down with the engine, one hand holding upon the "throttle-valve," and the other upon the "reverse lever." He rose to the surface about one hundred feet distant from the spot where he went down. He got hold of a rope, wound it about him, and finally succeeded in crawling up on a portion of the pier that jutted out and formed a little shelf. He was taken in nearly a frozen condition. The engineer was injured more than any one else, but he is merely bruised a little about the hands, and received a flesh-wound on the outside of the left hip. The escape of all these passengers from death, or even serious injury, seems about as miraculous as anything on record. It is nearly 20 feet from the floor of the bridge to the surface of the water; the water is 27 feet deep, with a soft, miry bottom, into which it is thought the engine has sunk from 10 to 15 feet. That the passengers were all saved is attributed to two causes; First, the material of which the car was made. Had it been a wooden car, it would probably have broken it to two parts, spilling out nearly all, the splintering timbers bruising and crushing a portion. Second, the large windows of the car, which allowed the egress of the three persons in the smoking car.

THE DURABILITY OF STONE.—It is said that the stone of which Westminster Palace is built is doomed to entire destruction unless speedily protected by some covering. The stone is not crystalized, and rapidly decays when exposed to the sulphate of ammonia, with which the atmosphere of London is very considerably charged. Public buildings very frequently suffer from not using the proper kind of building stone. The columns of the Custom House in this city are an instance. The marble is in a condition of exfoliation, as any one may see by examining it.

LITERARY RECORD.

The Ordeal of Free Labor in the British West Indies. By W. G. Sewell. New York: Harpers. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The author in this volume purports to give a fair and truthful statement of the present condition of the negroes in the islands where they were emancipated about a quarter of a century ago, and exhibits this condition as far better than that under the system of compulsory labor. He says that free negro labor is much the cheapest in the culture of sugar. Perhaps this is true, but the strongest argument against it is the enormous expense of production—as $40 to $80 on an acre of land, or one hundred per cent. This statement will be very widely disputed. Mr. Sewell says that there is a scarcity of labor on the island of Jamaica, owns that the negroes will not generally work on the estates; and finds the remedy in the coolie system, because "the Ohinaman is close, cunning, and knows a little too much to be cheated out of his labor and out of his life; therefore the philanthropic Sewell is in for reducing the helpless Indian to a condition of compulsory labor. Altogether, this book seems to be the production of an unfair mind, made after a long time spent in the West Indies with a single desire to present such a statement as would suit the wishes of American Abolitionists.

Trumps—A Novel. By George William Curtis. Illustrated by Augustus Hoppin. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This novel has the merit of being very dramatic and stirring in its scenes. The conversation is always piquant and attractive; the author seems to court the style of Thackeray in this particular, and is quite equal to the latter in the conversational style of writing. The illustrations by Hoppin add greatly to the interest of the book; they are the best we have seen since the illustrations of Boz by Phiz.

Thucydides: Vergilius. Harpers: New York. T. B. Peterson & Brothers: Philadelphia.

These books are of the series of Greek and Latin texts issued in uniform style by the Messrs. Harper. They are published without note or comment, and the student is thrown upon his own resources with only the Lexicon, the Grammar and the Tutor to assist him. This edition of the classics would make an excellent addition to the library of the literary man and student of mature years.

AMUSEMENTS.

At the *Arch* Street Theatre, Mr. Dillon continues his engagement to good houses. He is a very clever actor.

At the *Walnut*, the French Company, after one week's playing to indifferent houses, give place to Mr. and Mrs. James W. Wallack, who opened on Monday evening in the "Iron Mask."

At McDonough's *Olympic*, the play of the "Seven Sisters" continues to please and to attract large audiences. The manager is unwearied in his efforts to make it interesting, by the almost nightly introduction of new scenes and incidents.

Hassler's *Farewell Concert*, at the Academy of Music, on Thursday evening, of this week, promises to be a brilliant affair, as well in the character of the entertainment, as the display of beauty and fashion that will probably attend it.

Abel and Leyland's *Stereopticon*, on exhibition at the Assembly Building, grows in favor the more its beauty and its great merit as a field for information are known to the public. It will be exhibited every evening this week.

Barnum's Collection of Living Wonders, as he calls the Aztecs, the Albino Family, the Earth Woman, and the Lightning Calculator, are to be seen daily at the Assembly Building, and are certainly curiosities in their way.

Signor Blitz has been prevailed on to continue the whole of the present week at the Commonwealth Hall, performing on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, as well as on every evening.

NEWS AND NOTINGS.

The right man in the right place—a husband at home in the evening.

. . . . "Awful" Gardiner, the reformed prize-fighter, is insane.

. . . . Mrs. President Jefferson Davis holds receptions at the Executive mansion in Montgomery.

. . . . The friendly intercourse between Mrs. Senator Douglas and Mrs. President Lincoln is described as charming.

. . . . Horseflesh is regularly quoted in th market prices current in the several towns in Germany, not on the hoof, but cut up for food.

. . . . Scribe's income from his literary productions was larger than that of any other writer of modern times—close on 150,000 francs a year.

. . . . The more experienced we become, the more scrupulous and skeptical are we in bestowing praise; but we never lose faith in the efficacy of censure.

. . . . The world is so full of provocation, and life so incomplete and unsatisfactory, that peace is a rare possession with most persons; an accidental comforter to some; but an abiding blessing to very few.

. . . . A widow named Lecuirot died at her residence in the Rue de Grenelle, in Paris, at the age of ninety, in the very room where she was born, and which she had occupied during the whole course of her long life.

. . . . At the last levee Her Majesty Queen Victoria wore a train of black satin, trimmed with black gimp and rosettes. The petticoat of black satin trimmed in front with black lace and gimp. The head dress was a diadem of emeralds and diamonds.

. . . . It is alleged that the passion for making money was never so strongly developed in France as at the present moment, and the London Times says that Legitimists, Orleanists and Imperialists, recognizing each a different monarch, unite in veneration of a higher power, viz.: the five-franc piece. One klink of a rouleau makes a Frenchman kin!

. . . . At the marriage of the young Earl of Lincoln with Miss Hope, of Deepdene, the jewelry worn by the bride cost upward of £12,000, and consisted of a handsome head ornament of diamonds, and a diamond necklace, &c. Mr. Hope, it is said, gives the Countess of Lincoln £6,000 a year pin-money, and the use of an Irish estate.

. . . . As a demonstration of hospitality and reciprocal sentiment, the Indian custom is to circulate the Calumet of Peace on entering into covenants with strangers. They take a friendly and sociable puff together. An excellent idea of the wild men of the tomahawk and plumes, showing that all friendship commonly ends in smoke.

. . . . He who is a friend to himself has seldom any lack of enemies; but he who is his own enemy is generally considered a clever fellow, and has plenty of friends and well wishers:

> "And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
> And who not needs shall never lack a friend:
> But who in want, a hollow friend doth try,
> Directly sees in him his enemy."

. . . . There are three kinds of silence. The silence of peace and joy; the silence of submission and resignation; and the silence of desolation and despair. Lovely are they whose delights are in the first; miserable are those who are driven to the second; and most wretched and miserable all those who are doomed to the last. Domitian made a solitude and called it peace.

. . . . We find the following paragraph in the Broad Top Miner, which we publish for the benefit of the class of persons therein alluded to in this town: "Twenty-five of fifty marriageable ladies will find good husbands and comfortable homes by emigrating to somewhere in these regions, for it is an undeniable fact that marriageable ladies are scarce and very much needed here." For information for our single lady friends we may say the Miner is published at Coalmont, Huntingdon county, Pennnsylvania.

. . . . In the recently published life of the Rev. Dr. Bush, the eminent Biblical commentator, it is said that he early learned to believe in God and the devil, and used to pray to them both. "He knew," says his biographer, "it was no use to flatter or cajole the Lord, but the devil, he thought, might be somewhat appeased in this way, and his prayers to this personage, therefore, partook somewhat of the nature of compliment and acknowledgment of his splendid abilities, by which he thought to gain his favor and ward off some of his wiles."

. . . . When fortune humors, she corrupts us. Our own way is often the wrong way. Rugged roads make way travellers. Dark trials are shining lights; and the more we are diverted from what we covet and love, the better are we adapted to that kind of life which most people are compelled to lead; which they rebel against and denounce, but which is the daily school of wisdom and self-knowledge, whose discipline is sharp and severe, but appropriate to a warring and fluctuating world, whose calms are as stagnating and baneful as its storms are purifying and healthful; and where tranquillity is not a fixed and permanent condition, but the casual quiescence and unstable harmony of opposing and conflicting forces.

. . . . The notabilities resident in Chicago are numerous, if we may credit a letter writer who states that there is the son of an English earl, formerly in the Guards, now engaged in the by no means aristocratic occupation of packing pork; a son of the late Bishop of London, and a graduate of Oxford, busy in the manufacture of soap; a nephew of the gallant Lord Collingwood (Nelson's Collingwood) fattening cattle on an adjacent farm; a younger son of one of England's noblest families speculating in wheat and corn; a reduced but genuine German baron, who has hobnobbed with Humboldt and the titled magnates of London fashionable circles, dispensing lager beer at half a dime a glass; an accomplished Hungarian noble engaged in fresco painting at two dollars a day; a brother of Charles Dickens, who bears a striking resemblance to the gifted novelist, he is a clerk in the Land Department of the I. C. R. R., and it is from him that Dickens received the *nom de plume* of "Boz."

TELEGRAPH NEWS.

SPECIAL SESSION OF THE SENATE.

WASHINGTON, March 25.

On motion of Mr. Powell of Kentucky, it was resolved that the President be requested, if not incompatible with the public interests, to communicate the despatches from Major Anderson to the War Department, during the time he has been in command of Fort Sumter.

Mr. Howe, of Wisconsin, resumed his speech in opposition to Mr. Douglas' resolution calling for information relative to the Southern forts.

In further reply to the Senator from Illinois, he showed the difficulties which would attend the procuring of the amendments to the Constitution which the former had advocated as a remedy for the existing troubles. He was alike opposed to the second proposition of Mr. Douglas, namely—the recognition of the seceded States. This, he argued, would not produce peace. As to the third proposition or alternative of that Senator—that of war, with a view to the subjugation and military occupation of such States as have seceded or may secede—he believed that the real issue is one up between the loyal citizens and those who deny the authority of the United States. They had seen a new government and a strange flag set up, and this had been brought about, in a great measure, by the aid of the Government of the United States itself. Our ministers, agents or officers had put into the hands of those who were plotting against the Federal authorities, the treasure, arms and means by which the triumph of the disunionists has been achieved. He asked not that those States be subjugated, but that they be kept from subjugation. If he had anything like an accurate knowledge, the unionists in those States were borne down by an oppressive tyranny, from which it ought to be the effort of every man to relieve them. He asked Mr. Doug as to unite with him and his Republican friends in the declaration that, while we do not propose to make war, we do not intend that war shall be made on us. The country may be saved—not by dissolving the Union, but by supporting it; not by abjuring the Constitution, but by taking fast hold upon it.

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, replied. He said that, if the War Department does not possess the information which the resolution he had offered calls for, no harm could result from an answer to that effect. If the information has been imparted to the Confederate States, and our enemies are in possession of it, there would be no harm in letting our friends have it. But he apprehended that the furnishing of this information would tend to allay the public excitement. He supposed that there was no danger as to Fort Sumter, as he understood the order had been given for its evacuation. But the question he desired to get at was, whether Fort Pickens was to be held merely as a cause for irritation—as a thorn festering in the finger and producing disease. If it was not national local in its character, it ought to be surrendered to those who hold the harbor.

Mr. Douglas said that during the last session, when the Republicans were rushing through a bill to destroy the revenue, he endeavored to prevent it. But they would not listen to the warning, and he apprehended there would be an extra session to undo what was then recklessly and unwisely done. The Senator from Wisconsin would not say that he (Mr. Douglas) was a tory, but that his speech had reminded him of toryism. Even a man might be reminded of tories by his antagonism to them or by his own identity with them. He did not choose to say in what category the Senator from Wisconsin might be placed. He had not the slightest apprehension that the people of the country would regard him (Mr. Douglas) as the enemy to the country. This was an insinuation by the Senator from Wisconsin, rather than a direct assertion, for it seemed impossible for the Republicans to make speeches without impugning his motives or assailing his character. If he should die, he supposed he should have a long train of mourners, because they would, by his decease, be deprived of the material out of which they manufacture their speeches. [Laughter.] The Senator from Wisconsin had opposed the amendment to the Constitution, which he (Mr. Douglas) had proposed with the view of insuring the safety and equality, and restoring peace, unity, and fraternity, to the whole country.

Mr Clark, of New Hampshire, interrupting, said he was one of those who choosed to stand by the Constitution as it is, and declared his belief that this was better than to intimate any compromise.

Mr. Douglas replied that no doubt the Senator entertained that opinion, even if disunion was the inevitable consequence. No doubt he would prefer civil war to amendments to the Constitution.

Mr. Clark said distinctly, that he believed they could stand on the Constitution better than anywhere else, and avoid war by taking that position. The propositions of compromise had demoralized the Union feeling, for failing to get these, persons had become disunionists. On further response to Mr. Douglas, he said, the time was not distant when the laws will be enforced all over the Union, without the use of bayone's.

Mr. Douglas—Still, nobody can deny that seven States have expelled the Federal authority therefrom.

Mr. Clark inquired whether the Post office did not run the mails in these States.

Mr. Douglas believed that it did, with the leave and permission of those States. Those through whose hands the letters go might open or violate them, yet no punishment could be inflicted.

Mr. Clark.—Suppose Congress shall clothe the President with the power to collect revenue on ship-board, could not this be done?

Mr. Douglas supposed it could, but he had been speaking of the laws as they existed. He regarded this as an admission from the Republicans that they do not mean to collect the revenue till the laws are changed.

Mr. Clark—I do not wish the Senator to take the admission as including anybody but myself.

Mr. Douglas thought the admission was so clear that he might include all the Republicans in it without giving offence. In the course of his remarks, he said the triumph of the Republicans had brought disunion, and God only knows what consequences were to grow out of it.

Mr. Howe inquired whether he meant that the election of Mr. Lincoln, instead of somebody else, had caused a dissolution of the Union.

Mr. Douglas replied, that if he had succeeded in defeating the Republicans, thereby rendering it certain that the policy of that party would not be carried into effect, then Northern people would have rested in security, and the Union would not have been dissolved.

Mr. Howe denied that the Republican party was sectional.

Mr. Douglas said that depended on what the Senator meant by the word sectional. The Republican party was based on hostility to slavery wherever it exists, and to the extent where the Constitution does not prohibit its interference.

He then proceeded to reply to Mr. Breckinridge's speech, arguing that under the law as it now stands as to every Territory of the United States, without exception, the Southern man can remove thither, with his slave property, on equal terms with all other property. The Republicans in organizing the Territorial Governments for Nevada, Colorado and Dacotah at the last session, did what they had not done for twenty years before, and did that they had so long abused him (Douglas) for wanting to do. The only motive he had for being President was to carry out that policy. He gave the Republicans credit for adopting it after defeating him. The Senator from Pennsylvania (Mr. Wilmot) had arrived in time to see the Republicans repudiate the Wilmot Proviso, reject the corner stone of the temple, and come up to the doctrine of non intervention and popular sovereignty.

Mr. Howe, in the course of the debate, wished to know if Mr. Douglas' principles would have saved the Union, and the Republicans had adopted them, why there was no peace?

Mr. Douglas replied, because the Republicans would not acknowledge it, and kept the people in the dark.

Mr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, wished to reply to Mr. Douglas, but a motion to go into executive session prevailed.

The Senate afterwards adjourned.

From Washington.

WASHINGTON, March 22.—It seems to be generally understood and believed that a proclamation will soon be issued by the President, calling an extra session of Congress, to revise the late Tariff act, and to consider the condition of the country.

An advertisement will appear in a day or two for an eight million loan, which the Secretary of the Treasury thinks will be sufficient for the wants of the present fiscal year.

Captain Britton has been appointed Consul at Southampton.

It is reported that the reply of Secretary Seward to the Confederate Commissioners will be conciliatory, and propose the meeting of a National Convention, in hopes thereby of bringing about a satisfactory adjustment.

The rumors of a threatened revolution in the Pacific States present a more formidable aspect to day, and the administration is quite alarmed at the prospect. The object is to join the Southern Confederacy.

From Texas.

Retirement of Houston—His Appeal to the People.

GALVESTON, March 22.—The State Legislature met at Austin on the 18th inst.

All the members of the Senate and House (with the exception of a few who acted under protest) took the oath of allegiance to the Government of the Confederate States, as required by the Convention.

General Houston and his Secretary of State have retired, and surrendered the archives to Lieutenant Governor Clark.

General Houston has issued an appeal to the people, denouncing the action of the Convention.

The latter body had passed a substitute to the army bill, raising only one mounted regiment.

Bold Attempt at Bank Robbery in New York.

NEW YORK, March 25.—A daring attempt to rob the New York Exchange Bank was discovered this morning. The burglars made an excavation leading to the bank to the depth of 70 feet. Daylight surprised them before they had opened the safe, and they obtained only a thousand dollars, which were in a tin box on the safe. The daring fellows succeeded in making their escape, although a man has since been arrested on suspicion of having been engaged in the robbery.

Death of the Hon. Mr. Scranton.

SCRANTON, Pa., March 24.—The Hon G. W. Scranton, member of Congress from this district, died at his residence here, to day.

THE VOTE ON THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.—The Vicksburg (Miss.) Whig states that the clause in the Constitution of the Confederate States prohibiting the African Slave trafic, was adopted in the Montgomery Congress, by the vote of four States to two—South Carolina and Florida opposed the restriction, while Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi advocated it.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, March 24, 1861.

Aforetime it was much a cause of attack upon the Democratic party, that "King Caucus" ruled its affairs with an iron hand, but I do not see that the Republicans are less obnoxious on that head. In the Senate they have been constantly caucussing since they got the majority, and now it has been determined by them to proscribe some of their officers, which is a thing that has no example in all the history of the Senate. Mr. Clay used formerly to characterize efforts in that direction as unworthy of the Senate, and some years since the Democratic majority made a rule for the protection of those Whig officials whose places were constantly sought by Democratic office seekers. It prescribed that no officer should be removed except upon charges made in writing, to be endorsed by the Vice President. I need hardly add that one's politics has not hitherto been a cause of removal.

We have startling news from Arizona, showing that the conspiracy that has disrupted the Union has extended into that Territory, and perhaps into New Mexico. The fact that agents of the seceded States were in those Territories some time since, shows more plainly than anything else that has transpired that the whole disunion movement was planned by sagacious and bold men long before actual revolution was precipitated.

Gen. Twiggs' superlative act of treachery is now seen to have been one part of a grand conspiracy, in which, doubtless, he was originally *participe criminis*; for the dispersion at the nick of time of his command, by marching them to the Gulf coast, leaves all the region on the Rio Grande &c., without U. S troops, and therefore nothing to interpose against a revolutionary movement by the politicians in Arizona and New Mexico. Practically, therefore, the question may be already settled that the *people* of those Territories elect to link their fortunes with those of the Confederate States.

If so, an attempt to "coerce" them, as it is termed, would be as much opposed as are the enforcement of revenue laws and the holding or recapturing of fortresses. This complication of affairs, as between the old Government and the new, is one of the many that are probably under anxious consideration by the President and his Cabinet, before whom, it is thought, Mr. Lincoln laid his views, yesterday, concerning the policy of the Confederate States, as made known through their Commissioners now here.

OBSERVER.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, March 23.

The Abolition societies are making unusually extensive preparations for the May anniversaries in this city. All the New England associations, with the customary *corps de ballet* of strong-minded women and long haired philosophers, philanthropists, &c., &c., will be on hand in full chorus, to celebrate the breaking up of the Union, and the emancipation of the free North from the barbarism of slavery. Garrison, I am told, is now busy, trying to engage the Academy of Music for the Convention, which will, on this occasion, be in session the whole week, instead of the usual three days, but the stockholders will scarcely make a bargain with them. They are afraid of a muss. Failing to obtain the Irving Place institution, however, an effort will be made to lease the Brooklyn Academy, probably, with better prospects of success.

There is a strong objection on the part of some of the brethren to go over the East River, however, on the score that it is desirable to make an impression upon the Union-loving city of New York. Brooklyn they say, is comparatively redeemed, seeing that Beecher may preach there, and Culver lecture without being molested.

It is understood that Wendell Phillips has been in communication with the Police Commissioners, with a view to a similar movement. Fah Chaw Mrs. B. was in ill-health, and was on her way to the house of her father, Rev. W. B. Gorham, of Binghamton, N. Y.

The result of the recent Naval Court Martials, at Brooklyn Navy Yard, is not officially announced as yet, though it is understood that Commander Walke has not been found guilty of the specifications charging him substantially with playing into the hands of the Secessionists, by bringing his vessel to this port, instead of Pensacola, but he is severely censured for disobedience of orders.

Lieut. Babbot, who was tried for striking a sailor, will not be removed from the service, but will receive a severe reprimand.

COTTON.—Cotton is in better demand, and prices have improved; sales were made at 12¾ cents for middling uplands.

FLOUR.—Western and State Flour is in better demand; 17,000 bbls. were sold at $5 12¼a5 18¾ for superfine State and Western; $5 20a5 30 for extra State, chiefly at $5 25; 5 35a5 40 for choice do.; $5 25a5 50 for the low grades of extra Western; $5 55a5 65 for shipping brands of round hoop extra Ohio, and $5 70a7 10 for trade brands do. Southern Flour is in fair request; 1700 bbls. were sold at $5 40a5 75 for mixed to good superfine Baltimore, &c., and $5 80a7 25 for the better grades. Rye Flour is quiet at $3 30a4 05. Corn Meal is steady at former rates.

GRAIN.—Wheat is in better demand; 70,000 bushels were sold at $1 19a1 21 for Chicago Spring; $1 26 for Racine Spring; $1 25a1 26 for Milwaukie Club, in store; $1 27¾ for do. delivered; $1 29a1 33 for red Western; $1 40 for Canada Club; and $1 50 for white Michigan. Rye is in moderate demand—sales of 800 bush. at 63a65 cts. Barley Malt is quiet at 87a90 cts. Oats are firmer, and selling at 34a35 cents for State.

PROVISIONS.—The market for Pork is more active; 1000 bbls. were sold at $12 75 for prime, and $16 37½a16 50 for prime mess. Lard is firmer; 700 bbls. changed hands at 9¼a10 cents. Butter and Cheese are unchanged.

WHISKY is in fair request; 475 bbls. were sold at 17¾ c's.

The following were the closing rates of stocks at 3½ P. M.:

	Off.	Ask.		Off.	Ask.
U S 6s, '81 reg'd	89¾	89¾	Reading R R	45	45¼
U S Do reg.	95	96	Mich Central	85¾	85¾
Tennessee 6s	76	76½	Mich S & N I	18¾	18¾
Virginia 6s	79¾	79¾	Do Guaran	89	89½
Missouri 6s	66¾	67	Panama R R	117	117½
Canton Co	14¾	15	Illinois Cent'l	82	82¾
Cum. Coal pfd	7	7½	Gal. & C & R	73¾	74
Pacific M S Co	86½	86½	Cleve & Tol R	36¾	36¾
N Y Central R	79¾	79¾	Chi & R I	59	59¾
Erie R R	33¾	33	C & Quincy	74¾	74¾
Hud R R	46	46	Ill Cen 7's	101¾	102
Harlem R	16¾	16¾	Del & Hudson	—	—
Harlem R pref	41¾	41¾	Penn's Coal	—	—

Since Jan. 1, $51,897,870

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE LOVED LOST.

BY SOLITAIRE.

I may never cease to love thee,
Though love for thee were now in vain,
The sacred spell thou throwest o'er me,
Shall ever its fullest power retain,
The memory of thy gentle worth
Shall ever light my lonely way,
Though life to me is but a dearth,
Unchanged by hope's enlivening ray,
I would not in dark oblivions tide
The past with its holy memories hide.

Once I fondly hoped to gain thee,
To win thy love, sincere and warm;
'Tis vanished now, there doth remain me
But disappointment's bitter thorn;
Yet I would not thee forget,
Nor seek to break the mystic chain
That binds my spirit to thee yet,
And ever shall while life remain.
'Twill guide me in life's darkest hour,
And keep me from temptation's power.

How oft at midnight's silent hour,
To fancy's eye thy image fair
Appears in love's bewitching power,
Dispelling every worldly care.
Again I hear thy gentle tone
Speak words of joy and hope to me,
I feel that thou art all my own,
No other *then* hath claims on thee—
For a brief time thy influence bright
Dispels the darkness of my night.

Too soon, alas! each fairy vision
To stern reality gives way,
Dispelling then each dream Elysian,
Memory resumes her sway.
'Tis even thus on life's dark sea,
The fleeting forms in fancy's train,
Which for a time our joy may be,
Evanish, nor track, nor trace remain.
Our brightest earthly dreams are they
Which from us soonest pass away.

When other ties are round thee woven, [be,
And love's bright crown thy wreath shall
When with him thy heart hath chosen,
Mar not thy peace with thoughts of me.
I would not cloud thy radiant brow,
Nor check thy joy, nor cause thee pain.
Life's darkest trial may thou never know,
To love and not be loved again.
The future hath no charms for me,
May it bring nought but bliss to thee.

THE FARMER.

☞ Persons sending communications to this office, advertising seeds and other articles for sale, must put them in the shape of advertisements and pay the usual advertising charge.

☞ Some of the contributors to this column seem to forget, after receiving the paper, that our offer of a free subscription conditions for an *occasional* communication. Those who neglect to comply with this condition will be stricken from our free list.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE GARDEN.

This fact I "hold to be self-evident," that in this country every man of sound mind and body, and of mature age, who is capable of supporting himself, is honorably and logically bound to annex to himself—a wife. Having done so, he will soon see the necessity of having a house, and just as logically a piece of land—of course he should own it. Next comes the garden. And let me say here, that I write to give a hint to the million—to those who are urging their ceaseless toil to secure to the family necessary comforts, and that which is legitimate in the order of nature, a healthful and moral training to the children with which they are blessed. The garden cannot be dispensed with. But how arranged? How organized to be most useful? Skipping over the ornamental and the ideal, let us see what can be done by the million who cannot afford to lay out labor and money for ideal gratifications. Forty or fifty rods of ground will make quite a good-sized garden for a common sized family. If it has been plowed, manured and worked for a few years, all right. If not, plow and manure it, if possible, in the fall, and again in the spring, to give it a fine tilth. Early in April, if warm and dry, get a few grape roots, but don't be like one of the simple ones who rush to the nurseries and—*get gummed*. Remember always that nurserymen, though honest, always keep *choice varieties to sell*, and would feel amazingly shocked if anybody thought they did not do everything for the benefit of others. I tell you, however, that one or two of the old varieties will be best for you. White Sweet Water is a beautiful thing, but needs too much care for common hands; so the Black Hamburg, acclimated, but a few days too late. The Catawba, ditto, a good many days in 43 degrees. But in Southern Ohio or Pennsylvania it ripens well and is hardly excelled, all things considered. The Delaware is not well established, but I think it will prove, perhaps, first quality: and so hundreds might be named. But for general culture I think nothing can exceed the Isabella. It is good enough and quite, though not entirely, hardy. It must be laid down in this latitude, 43 degrees. It is not safe to let the grape bear much till three or four years old. They must be cut back. Grapes must be trimmed every year. It is the new wood starting from the last year's growth that bears fruit. Trim from November to February and cut every new limb back so as to have but one or two buds, unless it is desirable to extend the vine farther. In that case let one or more of the longest vines remain half its length. A good, common frame can be made with posts and narrow boards nailed across the top and wire stretched over them three feet apart. It is surprising how comfortable one vine well tended will make a family. So of the quince (apple variety) set eight feet apart, manured well and kept loose by spading and thin by trimming. So also the currant, white, red and black. The first is choice for the table; the second for late use and wine; the third for sauce, rich wine for the table, and is every way desirable and not to be dispensed with. All these are easily propagated by cuttings. Take the last year's growth, a foot long, and stick it a few inches in the ground. The after culture is to keep the ground rich and loose and trim every year. A few dwarf pears are desirable, for summer, the Madilene and Dearborns Seedling. For fall, Bartlett, a little tender here; Vergaline, best of all; Sickel, a little fine red fellow, very sweet, nice and hardy, bears too full; Flemish Beauty, large and good, will not keep good long after maturity. For early and mid-winter, Buere Diel, Beure d'Arunburg, rather sour, and Oswego Beure, quite tart, all good. The first two are first quality, and the last good and a great bearer. The dwarf takes but little ground, which surely can be spared to secure so great a luxury. The family *must* have a small patch of strawberries. Dig deep, plant young roots in a moist time in August, and shade a few days. They will bear pretty well the next year. Take twelve feet square, and plant three rows one foot apart each way on one side of the square, then leave three feet, and so alternate. After they have borne two years, turn in with the spade the old beds in the fall, and make new ones of the spaces that were left at first. And so continue to alternate once in two years. The English gooseberry can hardly be spared from the garden. Propagate by slips. And, finally, the tomato has come into such general use that a man must either turn off his wife or cultivate it. This is easily done, but about as nice, handy way as I have ever seen is to take brush six feet long and drive them in a circle six or eight feet across, slanting so that the tops will meet over the centre of the circle, and set the plants around at the foot of the brush. A little care as they grow will train them on to the brush. If no brush is handy stick stakes and pass a wire a few times around. And now about melons and cucumbers. Dig holes five or six feet each way, fifteen inches across the top, and a foot deep, scooped out like a kettle, fill in coarse manure, any sort will answer, to near the surface, then sand and loam mixed. Plant during the month of May, and water if necessary. Weak soap suds, when the plants are young, makes them grow and keeps the bugs off. A hot-bed is useful, but so few will use them, that it is hardly worth while to mention it. It is a simple affair which any one of very little genius can make. Try it. Onions should be planted, shallow, in a rich, mellow soil before the first of May. Red peppers and parsnips do.; sweet corn, beans, early pinkeye potatoes, early radishes, beets and squashes by the tenth of May. All these last should be planted ten days later also, for late use. I must not fail to describe a neat handy and useful garden hoe: take an old scythe and cut off the back six inches long, make the edge part flat, then put on what is usually called a goosneck, and a handle, an old rake handle, about five feet long. This is intended as a scraper. The dirt slides over it, and a skillful worker will soon learn to make smooth work with it. And now, who can do with anything less than is here described? The rich can have much more. Does any one pine for flowers? Plant them by all means. Nothing adds more to the beauty and luxury of a garden than flowers judiciously cultivated. And would it not be a little ideal fountain, and very useful, too, to find some sweet little corner to set up one or two hives of "little busy bees?" It will yield a fountain of pleasure. Perhaps at another time I will give a little talk on this last subject.

I. F. G.

Oneida County, N. Y., 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

GUANO WITH OTHER MANURE.

The question of mixing guano with other manure has never had that attention bestowed upon it which the subject deserves. Few have given it so much as a trial, and none, comparatively speaking, have given their attention exclusively to the question of mixing guano with other manure, and observing and comparing the effects produced upon different crops; and even the few experiments which *have* been attempted, have been miserably abandoned after a few abortive trials. But let any sensible, practical farmer give his time and attention to this matter, and conduct a series of experiments with mixing this manure with other manure, and it is my opinion, founded on reason, too, I think, he will find it to be one of the very *best* methods of using guano, not only the best, but the cheapest and most convenient. I say the cheapest, because a comparatively small quantity of guano is sufficient to produce an entire change in a large amount of other manure, producing a decomposition, and fitting it for food to whatever crop it is placed in contact with. About the most profitable manure which guano can be mixed with, is manure which has laid under the eaves of a barn, or has been heaped up in the open air until it appears to be bleached of all fertilizing qualities, and is considered good for nothing but the hog yard, there to be renovated. With manure like this, mix about fifty pounds of guano with as much manure as is to be used on an acre, mix thoroughly, put it in a close pen or shed, and let it remain about a week, then take your fork, give it another good mixing, beating the lumps fine, and it will be perceived by the most casual observer that the composition has undergone a remarkable change; it smells different, looks different, and *is* different; it is altogether a new manure. This compost under corn will make as big a crop nearly as clear guano, and not cost a third as much. By incorporating the two manures in the manner described, there is a compound produced differing in many respects from either of the manners used, the guano becoming retarded, and the other manure quickened in its action, forming a compound steady in its operation, durable and powerful, uniting in one body the good qualities of guano and farm yard manure, and benefiting after crops quite as much as the first one, which will be evinced by the oats and hay from the land afterwards. Another benefit to be derived from this mixture of guano with other manure is this, when corn is first planted it exerts a warming and vivifying effect upon the little rootlets, and by thus neutralizing the chilling effects of the ground the corn is forced along from one to three weeks in advance of corn which has no guano under it, and by being in advance the first part of the season, it gains strength before dry weather, and at harvest, it will be of better quality and have more seed ears.

R. W.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

LARGE AND SMALL POTATOES.

A writer in the "Newspaper" of March 6th, 1861, and who is usually an extensive contributor to its Agricultural Department, in an article on "Patent Office Agricultural Reports," recommends the planting of small potatoes for seed in preference to large, or full sized, and matured ones. He says "numerous experiments have shown that small potatoes, when perfectly ripe and sound, and even small cuttings of large potatoes, with one or two good eyes or buds to each cutting, will do just as well or even better for potato planting than large whole potatoes will." It would have been interesting if he had given us some information concerning the character of those "numerous experiments" and how they were conducted. But, perhaps, he thought all this was unnecessary since he was careful to inform his readers that "I have tried it for the last three or four years, and always with success, greater success than I could have obtained from large and whole potatoes used as seed." How he is aware of this fact? And how are his readers to be convinced that the conclusion he has arrived at is a correct one? He does not state that he conducted collateral experiments with large whole potatoes at the same time. He makes no statement of weight nor measure of result. In short, he gives us no reliable facts. In our view, the question of large and small potatoes resolves itself simply into this: Ought inferior seed be used when better may be obtained? Our answer to this last question would be never. We have read many "numerous experiments" in relation to this subject, and so far as we remember, they all go to prove, without an exception, the superiority of large whole potatoes for seed. General Beatson, of the British army, who commanded at St. Helena, at the suggestion of the Royal Agricultural Society, tried a great number of well directed experiments in relation to the culture of the potato. The result of which, as reported by himself, was "that large potatoes, uncut, give the largest and best return; that the result of uncut potatoes is proportionate to their average size; that in all cases the results from uncut potatoes are better than those from potatoes cut and dried in the usual method; that although the same number of potatoes may be raised from the eyes separated by peeling, or gouged so as to leave a half sphere of the flesh of the potato to each eye, still that the size of the result is much less, and the weight is much less than that realized from the whole potato." All these experiments have been repeated with great care in England, in Scotland, by Prof. Mapes in New Jersey, and by others in different parts of the United States, and with the same comparative results. The theory of the plans prepared by General Beatson has been stated by Prof. Mapes as follows: "When whole potatoes are planted, the original tuber may be found of its original size, after the new potatoes are ripe. The only change it has undergone will be found to consist in its having parted with its starch, which will be replaced by water, clearly showing that the starch of the seed is the true pabulum for the new growth—that the skin of the potato is a sack provided by nature to retain it, and prevents its fermentation by too close admixture with the soil, until it can be appropriated as pabulum by the young plant. When a cut potato is planted a new set of results will occur; for, if we search for this cut piece, we shall find it has sloughed off; the starch has been converted into acetic acid, and we can collect a handful of sour soil where it was originally planted, and the dying of these potato sets and coating them with plaster to make a false skin is only efficient in degree, very few being ever protected until the maturity of the new growth, and the starch belonging to this potato set not being availed of as food for the new plant."

From the above facts it must be clear that potato peelings, gouged eyes, small potatoes, &c., are not accompanied with a sufficient amount of the flesh of the potato to furnish the necessary quantity of starch as pabulum for the new growth, and hence small potatoes alone are produced. "Numerous experiments" have often been made with every part of the potato, and with "great success." Cuttings of the growing stalks, five or six inches in length, and rooted suckers, have been produced, when planted in showery weather; and also, by pegging down the young stalks, when about a foot in length, covering them about three inches thick, with mould at a joint, fair potatoes have been produced. Sometimes, merely the shoot or sprout has been employed, and as we have been informed, with "great success." But it must be obvious that these methods, and similar ones, are practised more from curiosity than utility.

J. M. H.

Oswego County, N. Y., 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

CHINESE OR JAPAN YAM OR POTATO.

This new eatable root (*Dioscorsa Batata*) was introduced into France in 1849, and from thence into our country in 1853. It is planted in the spring like our ordinary potato, but as it is a tender plant, its roots should not be planted until all danger from our spring frosts is over. They may also be planted close together, say from eight to ten inches apart, as they grow perpendicularly or straight down into the ground. And as they mostly got to be from ten to twenty-four inches long, their tubers require a deep sandy or loose loamy soil to do well. Their largest sized tubers are about two inches thick and taper off upwards, so as to leave their upper part, about the one-third of their length, about the thickness of a man's little finger. And it is this slender part of the tuber that should be saved and cut into moderate sized cuttings for planting. Each cutting on being planted will produce one and oftentimes two tubers of a brownish fawn color, weighing from about one-half lb. to three lbs. each, and full of numerous little rootlets projecting from its surface. And its tops, or rather vines, (which are full of leaves of a deep green color, and a smooth and glossy surface, and abound in blossoms that appear in July,) are slender and intertwine and trail over the ground, but will, if tied to stakes or poles, become more vigorous and run up and twine aorond the poles like pole-beans to a height of from eight to twelve feet. In September the stalk and leaves assume a yellowing hue, as the tuber then commences to ripen—and its flesh, when ripe, is exceedingly white and tender and full of starch, and is, when boiled, in the opinion of some, equal in flavor to our best potatoes, while some of our Southern people do not think much of it as it is greatly inferior, they say, to several other *Dioscoreas* or Yams common to our Southern States. Besides this, the great length and perpendicularity of its roots must require great trouble and labor in digging it up. For as it is a perennial plant and renews its stalks and vines annually, it may be left in the ground to grow for two or three years before being dug up for use, and so become quite large in its tubers.

The Chinese Yam and the Mercer Potato, according to the analysis of Dr. T. C. Jackson, of Boston, contain the following elements respectively, to wit:

	Chinese Yam.	*Mercer Potato.*
Water	80.52	75.80
Starch	9 93	12 54
Cellular and fibrous matter	3 65	3 62
Sugar	0 45	—
Fat Oil	0 12	—
Albumen	1 27	—
Mucilage (gum)	3,30	—
Mineral matter (ash)	0 86	—
Other matters not separated	—	8 04
	100.00	100.00

So that it appears to be less nutritious than our Mercer Potato. And, therefore, when we consider its tenderness to injuries from frost, and the extra labor required for gathering the ripened crop, the Chinese Yam is not likely to become a general favorite in any region of our country. (See Ag. Rep. 1851, p. 169, and 1857, p. 165, and 1859, p. 558.) Many of our countrymen have already pronounced it a *humbug*, and the little notice now taken of it by our best agricultural periodicals seems strongly to favor this opinion.

WEST BRANCH.

March, 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

CASSABAR MELON SEED—FREE.

I have been a subscriber and reader of the "Newspaper" since 1844, in which time I have received much useful information from yourselves and correspondents. Two years since, I saw an offer by J. T. Evans, M. D., to send a few of the Cassabar or Persian Melon Seed (free) to any person sending a pre-paid envelope. I received some forty or fifty seeds, since which time I have been cultivating the same, and last year raised over one hundred large melons which, according to Mr. Evans' statement, "is the best melon or canteleupe known," in which I fully agree; and think those few seeds worth four times the subscription of the paper. I saved a large quantity of seed which I wish to offer *free* to all subscribers of the "Newspaper" who will send me a pre-paid envelope with their address.

GEORGE A. ELSTON,
Pennington ville, Chester County, Pa.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

CORRECTION.

AMAZED, NOT ENRAGED.—In my second number of the U. S. Patent Office's Agricultural Report's, your type makes me say, "I have often felt *enraged* to see how little really valuable information there is contained in the numerous and ponderous volumes, both ancient and modern, that have been written and printed upon this subject," (agriculture.)

Now this word enraged is a misprint—it was and ought to be *amazed*. And as I never was enraged at anything, and trust I never shall be, please publish this correction and counteract the impression of my being an irascible and wrathy man, as I am just its opposite. Slight mistakes in the setting up of type are indeed to be expected and will be overlooked—but serious ones like this deserve correction. So I hope your readers will pardon this notice.

March 2d, 1861. A PENNSYLVANIAN.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRIES.

LEMON TREE.—Can any of the numerous readers of the "Dollar Newspaper" inform me how to treat or cultivate the Lemon Tree? I have one that has been grafted about seven years. It blossomed once and had fruit on, but it all fell off when quite small. Since then it has had no blossoms on. I would be very much obliged for any information as to the treatment of the Lemon Tree to make it bear fruit?

R.

SILKWORM EGGS—*Pettusville, Alabama.*—Can you or any of the many readers of your very valuable family paper inform me as to where I can procure silkworm eggs, and what they are worth? Also as to the process of whitening or bleaching wool cloth? Please give me the information through the "Newspaper." M. C. R.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRY ANSWERED.

WASHING CLOTHES.—*McKean County, Pa.*—I noticed in the "Newspaper" of March 6th, an inquiry for a preparation to facilitate the washing of clothes. My method is to take of common soft soap one quart, to which add one tablespoonful of spirits turpentine, and stir it well together. Rub this on the clothes, put them into cold water and place them over a slow fire; when they come to a nice boil, the dirt can be removed very easily. This mode is cheap and very efficacious.

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

SCIENCE AND ART.

INVENTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

ACTION OF WATER UPON LEAD.—Lead being a very poisonous metal, and one, nevertheless, much employed for the purpose of water conduction, it is highly necessary to know the circumstances under which it may, and may not, be used for that purpose. Water absolutely pure, that is protoxide of hydrogen, chemically considered, holding nothing in solution, not even atmospheric air—appears to exercise no solvent action on lead; but only once let it dissolve atmospheric air, which, under all practical conditions it is sure to do, and it corrodes lead with poisonous facility. For this reason no kind of water direct from the clouds, whether rain, snow, or hail-water, can be stored in or transmitted through lead, without such an amount of solution of that metal taking place, that the water is rendered highly poisonous. For the most part, rain and well may be stored in leaden tanks, or transmitted through leaden pipes with safety. Frequent exceptions to the rule, however, occur, so that the utmost caution has to be exercised in adapting the metal lead for this purpose. By the addition of a minute portion of common salt, or, indeed, almost any soluble mineral substance, to rain water, the property of lead solution vanishes.

Water in which lead is dissolved may or may not have a sweetish astringent taste; but it will invariably strike a dark color with hydrosulphuric acid, or solution of the same, if present in any considerable quantity. In order, however, that the test may be applied with the greatest chance of success, it is better not to test the water in bulk, but to concentrate the latter by evaporation, and subject the residue to the operation of testing. Hydrosulphuric acid, or its solution, is better for the preceding admixture with the soil, until it can be appropriated as pabulum by the young plant. When a cut potato is planted a new set of results will occur; for, if we search for this cut piece, we shall find it has sloughed off; the starch has been converted into acetic acid, and we can collect a handful of sour soil where it was originally planted, and the dying of these potato sets and coating them with plaster to make a false skin is only efficient in degree, very few being ever protected until the maturity of the new growth, and the starch belonging to this potato set not being availed of as food for the new plant."

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J. M. H.

Oswego County, N. Y., 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

CHINESE OR JAPAN YAM OR POTATO.

This new eatable root (*Dioscorsa Batata*) was introduced into France in 1849, and from thence into our country in 1853. It is planted in the spring like our ordinary potato, but as it is a tender plant, its roots should not be planted until all danger from our spring frosts is over. They may also be planted close together, say from eight to ten inches apart, as they grow perpendicularly or straight down into the ground. And as they mostly got to be from ten to twenty-four inches long, their tubers require a deep sandy or loose loamy soil to do well. Their largest sized tubers are about two inches thick and taper off upwards, so as to leave their upper part, about the one-third of their length, about the thickness of a man's little finger. And it is this slender part of the tuber that should be saved and cut into moderate sized cuttings for planting. Each cutting on being planted will produce one and oftentimes two tubers of a brownish fawn color, weighing from about one-half lb. to three lbs. each, and full of numerous little rootlets projecting from its surface. And its tops, or rather vines, (which are full of leaves of a deep green color, and a smooth and glossy surface, and abound in blossoms that appear in July,) are slender and intertwine and trail over the ground, but will, if tied to stakes or poles, become more vigorous and run up and twine aorond the poles like pole-beans to a height of from eight to twelve feet. In September the stalk and leaves assume a yellowing hue, as the tuber then commences to ripen—and its flesh, when ripe, is exceedingly white and tender and full of starch, and is, when boiled, in the opinion of some, equal in flavor to our best potatoes, while some of our Southern people do not think much of it as it is greatly inferior, they say, to several other *Dioscoreas* or Yams common to our Southern States. Besides this, the great length and perpendicularity of its roots must require great trouble and labor in digging it up. For as it is a perennial plant and renews its stalks and vines annually, it may be left in the ground to grow for two or three years before being dug up for use, and so become quite large in its tubers.

The Chinese Yam and the Mercer Potato, according to the analysis of Dr. T. C. Jackson, of Boston, contain the following elements respectively, to wit:

	Chinese Yam.	*Mercer Potato.*
Water	80.52	75.80
Starch	9 93	12 54
Cellular and fibrous matter	3 65	3 62
Sugar	0 45	—
Fat Oil	0 12	—
Albumen	1 27	—
Mucilage (gum)	3,30	—
Mineral matter (ash)	0 86	—
Other matters not separated	—	8 04
	100.00	100.00

So that it appears to be less nutritious than our Mercer Potato. And, therefore, when we consider its tenderness to injuries from frost, and the extra labor required for gathering the ripened crop, the Chinese Yam is not likely to become a general favorite in any region of our country. (See Ag. Rep. 1851, p. 169, and 1857, p. 165, and 1859, p. 558.) Many of our countrymen have already pronounced it a *humbug*, and the little notice now taken of it by our best agricultural periodicals seems strongly to favor this opinion.

WEST BRANCH.

March, 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE EVENING HYMN.

Like magic o'er the lonely plain,
A sweet, but melancholy strain
Is wafted on the floating breeze
To a fair oct beneath the trees.

As through the cottage gaily floats
Of music charming plaintive notes,
Reverberates in fainter sounds,
Symphonies in the meadow grounds.

Just then the sun's pale fading ray
Hastens the close of passing day;
And moon and stars with welcome light,
Soon cast the falling shades of night.

The notes grow loud and fill the air
With choral harmonies most rare,
And words well spoken far and near,
Come sweetly to the list'ning ear.

The Vesper hyma they now prolong
In words of praise from earthly throng,
To Him who by his willing might,
Preserves them through each day and night.

Enchantingly their voices ring
Through earth and sky and everything;
To weary traveller betimes,
Meting out pleasant, joyous rhymes.

At length the hymn begins to wane;
Rises and falls, and falls again
Until vibrations moving slow,
Faint echoes on the senses throw.

Apace comes on the time of rest,
When weary limbs with sleep are blest;
All sounds are hush'd—tired Nature dreams
Of blissful climes with sunny beams. A. H. F.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WIDOW;

OR, THE OLD JEW BROKER'S SECRET.

He looked like an old clothesman, but he was only a broker—a broker with a bad character, and what that must have been when it was bad for a broker, we leave to the imagination and Johnson to define. He was reputed the hardest man of his trade; and, as men of that trade are popularly supposed to be electrical machines, worked by flints, not hearts, supremacy of flintness must have left him a fearful conglomerate. He was a withered old man now, almost doubled with age and rheumatism, with a hooked nose, and light brown eyes, red around the lids, and a strange mixture of surliness and suspicion in his face. He looked like a cross between a mastiff and a weasel, which he was in character as well as countenance. No one had a good word to say to him. The publican at the corner was sure there was something queer in a man who did not take an honest glass like the rest, and the baker looked down on him because he ate "seconds" on principle. If distress was to be put on miles around the neighborhood, they prayed that it might not be by old Joe Mappin, of Holborn Buildings. One woman said she'd as leave have the Emperor of Roosha as him; her daughter said she'd liefer. The very children were afraid of him and scampered if he came near them, unless they were impudent and mocked him. But to the little ones he was the District Bogie; and "old Joe Mappin" stood in Holborn Buildings, scaring the riotous small fry of the gutters, for "the black man" of more civilized nurseries.

Everybody said the man had a secret. Some thought he was a coiner, and others that he had committed murder, and went to look at the body or grave. Others again said he had a mad wife locked up in the garret, on straw, but none knew exactly what they thought, excepting the broad fact that there was a secret somewhere; and, of course, if belonging to him, a disgraceful one; "he could have nothing but villany to conceal," said the Inspector to Policeman X, 82.

Why the report arose of his having a secret in his life was, because one evening, after nightfall, he was seen stealing in the dusk from his garret along Holborn to the West End. No one knew where he went to, though more than one lounger had set out to follow him; but somehow the old man always contrived to escape, doubling through the streets in such a quick and unexpected manner that, however it was done, he invariably got away. All sorts of plans had been made to track him, but they all failed, every one of them, and the broker's secret was a secret still. Little Teddy, his landlord's boy, came nearest to the discovery, but he lost him at last somewhere up in the New Road, near Regent's Park, though that was a good measure to have taken, too. Moreover, he saw that Joe was decently dressed beneath his shabby old cloak—a thing no one else would wear—and from that time the report had got about that it was a love-affair with some mysterious celebrity, and that Joe was buying a wife with his gold; for he had a "Californy-worth," said his landlord's little boy, Teddy.

One evening Joe set out as usual with his shabby old cloak and battered old hat, but well enough beneath. He walked cautiously at first, hobbling, as was natural to him now, with his rheumatics so bad, but after he had passed through his particular quarter, turning round constantly, as if a cough, but in reality to see if any one were following, he walked briskly on, cutting through all sorts of queer alleys and by-places, winding and doubling like a fox; the best topographer in London could not have followed him. At last he came to a very pretty house in Regent's Park—a house evidently inhabited by a gentlewoman of fortune, as well as of taste; for all the appointments were in such perfect keeping, and there was such a wealth of costly simplicity about it as could only belong to both of these conditions. The broker looked up at the window as he came beneath it, and a little girl of fourteen or fifteen—but slight of her age—leaning out from the geraniums, cried, in answer to his look, "why, Joe, how late you are to-night!"

That sweet voice! The old man used to say to himself that he would not exchange its "Joe!" for a good fippun' note. He nodded to her affectionately, and carefully scraping his shoes, went in with the air of a man who knew that he would be welcome. He took off his hat and cloak and put them away in a dark corner, and then, clean and respectable looking, he went up stairs to the drawing room.

A lady, still beautiful and still young—young, at least, for the mother of a child of fifteen—was sitting there embroidering. Surrounded with every beauty and every luxury—nestled in that lonely home, like a bird in a golden cage—how strange the chance which had thrown together anything so graceful as that lady and the old Jew broker. Yet they were well acquainted; they were even friends; for she rose when he entered, and advanced toward him kindly and shook hands with him, and petted him only as a woman can pet, without any visible overt act. But all that Joe seemed to wish for was to sit a little, and watch her as she bent over her embroidery, and hear again that she was contented and happy.

"Are you certain sure that you want for nothing?" inquired Joe; "nor Miss Margaret neither?"

"Nothing, Joe, nothing;" and the sweet lady looked up affectionately, as if she had spoken to a father.

"That's enough; that is all I want," muttered Joe, and then he went back into the depths of his quiet meditation, watching the lady's face, and every now and then glancing round the room, as if to see that all was right, and to find out where he could alter and improve. After this had gone on for a short time, Joe Mappin asked for Margaret in an uncouth way, strangely softened, like a mastiff partly mesmerized. The lady rang the bell, and Margaret came. It seemed to be the usual way in which she was summoned when the broker was there, for she came at once, without giving the servant time to call her. She also showed the most unaffected gratitude and love for the old man, running up to him and taking his hand, and calling him "dear Joe," as if she meant it.

"And is there nothing that the little lady wants?" said Joe, patting her hand and smoothing down her curls. "Has she gowns and bonnets enough, lady; for you know she has but to ask and have."

"Why, Joe, I don't wear such a frock in a week," said Margaret, laughing; "and it was only last Tuesday you gave me that beauty, though I hadn't yet half worn out my blue silk."

Joe Mappin drew her between his knees, and held her face in his hands. "Silver and gold isn't good enough for you both!" he said, with almost a passion of fervor in his voice, "so never stint yourself for fear of me."

But they both said again that they had all they could require, "even if they were princesses in a fairy tower," Margaret added; and when this assurance had been repeated to almost a wearisome number of times, Joe Mappin was content, and so relapsed into silence again. And there he sat till the last rays of the sun had gone, and candles had been brought—they were of the finest wax, you may be sure—a peculiar expression of tenderness on the mastiff face, as he was reading a sweet chapter lovingly—listening to a noble song admiringly. And then, when he was quite muffled up in his old greasy cloak, as he had come, he departed, and hobbled rheumatically when he came near his quarters. This, then, was the broker's secret, and this was its history.

About fifteen years ago, Joe Mappin, almost an old man even then, was called to seize the goods of a certain Captain Thorton, living at the West End. The Captain was one of those gay, reckless, loveable men, who, by dint of sheer animal magnetism, live for years on credit, and are only brought to account when it becomes a matter of life and death to some of the poorer creditors—those creditors are as sorry for their debtor as if it were themselves going to the Queen's Bench, and accusing themselves bitterly—the tender-hearted, at least—for the trouble they are bringing on him. Joe Mappin, the hardest of his profession, the iron-hearted, grasping broker, who was believed not to have a single human feeling, even he was touched by the gallant frankness of his victim, and for his wife, that noble, patient, glorious woman, with her little one in her arms—something rose up in his heart for her same age as ours, and its constant companion. But what could bring it to our home and in such a plight? Still the suggestion had operated as a sedative upon our excited feelings, and rendered us more capable of calm reflection. And, after a time, we discovered in truth that the *grave* clothes were *night* clothes, and the corpse a somnambulist. And it became manifest that the excitement attending the loss and burial of its playmate, working upon the child's mind in sleep, was the cause to which we were indebted for this untimely and startling visit.

"Wiping away the perspiration, and taking a few long breaths, I prepared to countermarch the little intruder back to its forsaken bed. Back we went, it keeping at my side, though still asleep. I had walked quite a distance across the wet grass. I found the door of its home ajar, just as the fugitive had left it, and its sleeping parents unconscious of its absence. The door creaked as I pushed it open, and awakened the Child, who looked wildly around a moment, and then popped into bed.

"Now if it had not been for my wife, as I have said, I should, on the appearance of this apparition, have made a leap of uncommon agility from that window; and after a flight of uncommon velocity for a person of my age and dignity, I should have been ready to take my oath in any court, either in Christendom or heathendom, that I had seen a ghost."

MY WIFE'S PIANO.

The deed is accomplished. My wife has got a piano, and now farewell the tranquil mind—farewell content and evening papers, and the big cigars that make ambition virtue,—oh, farewell! "And oh, ye mortal engines whose rude throats the immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit!"

But stop, I can't bid them farewell, for one of them has just arrived. It came on a dray. Six men carried it into the parlor, and it grunted awfully. It weighs a ton, shines like a mirror, and has curved cupids climbing on its limbs. And such lungs—whew! My wife has commenced to practice, and the first time she touched the machine, I thought we were in the midst of a thunder storm, and the lightning had struck the crockery chest. The cat, with tail erect, took a bee line for a particular friend upon the back fence, demolishing a six-shilling pane of glass. The baby awoke, and the little fellow tried his best to beat the instrument, but he couldn't do it. It beat him.

A teacher has been introduced into the house. He says he is the last of Napoleon's grand army. He wears a huge moustache, looks at me fiercely, smells of garlic, and goes by the name of Count Run-away-never-come-back-again-by. He played an extract de opera the other night. He ran his fingers through his hair twice, then grinned, then cocked his eyes up at the ceiling, like a monkey hunting flies, and then came down one of his fingers, and I heard a delightful sound similar to that produced by a cockroach upon the tenor string of a fiddle. Down came another finger, and I was reminded of the wind whistling through the knot-hole in a hen-coop. He touched his thumb, and I thought I was in an orchard listening to the distant braying of a jackass. Now he ran his fingers along the keys, and I thought of a boy rattling a stick upon a store-box or a picket picket fence. All of a sudden he stopped, and I thought something had happened. Then came down both fists, and oh, Lord! such a noise was never heard before. I thought a hurricane had struck the house, and the walls were caving in. I imagined I was in the cellar, and a ton of coal was falling about my head. I thought the machine had bursted, when the infernal noise stopped and I heard my wife ejaculate—

"Exquisite!" "What the duce is the matter?" The answer was, "Why, dear, that's La Somnambula!" "D—n Somnambula!" thought I; and the Count rolled up his sheet of paper. He calls it music; for the life of me I can't make it look like anything else than a rail fence with a lot of juvenile niggers climbing over.

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER, in Scotland, was taking leave of her son on his departure for England, and giving him all good advice. "My dear Sandy, my ain bairn, gang South, and get all the siller ye can from the Southerns—tak' everythi' ye can; but the English are a brave boxin' people, an' take care o' them, Sandy—never fight a bald man, for ye canna catch him by the hair."

ETIQUETTE.

USAGES IN FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.

LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION.

These are of two kinds. First, as to business. Second, those of friendship. For example: If you have a friend going to a distant place to transact certain business, it may be necessary for him to form some acquaintances there for business purposes only. You have, perhaps, a correspondent there; yet you are not sufficiently intimate to ask him to entertain your friend; but as a matter of common courtesy he cannot refuse to accept him as a business acquaintance, for which purpose you write a letter similar to the following:

NEW YORK, 20th September, 1860.

MR. A. J. HOOPER:

Dear Sir—The bearer of this is my friend, George Jones, who goes to New Orleans to effect a settlement with the assignees of the late firm of Corning & Co. As he will be a stranger in your city, I have taken the liberty to introduce him to your notice, and any attention or advice you may give him will be duly appreciated by

Your faithful serv't, GEORGE LAW.

Mr. Jones presents this letter to Mr. Hooper, and if the latter chooses to consider it strictly a business letter, there is no breach of etiquette. He can invite Mr. Jones to his house, or not, as he pleases.

Ordinary letters of introduction, however, are considered as certificates of good social position, and proofs that the writer knows the bearer to be a proper person to be admitted into the family circle of the person to whom the letter is addressed. But yet it is not often the case that such a letter will do more than give the recipient an invitation to dinner, unless he should prove to be an uncommonly agreeable acquaintance. Letters of introduction are therefore sometimes facetiously termed "tickets for soup," and many people will not make use of them at all, for that reason. The following is a form of such a letter, though in special cases it may be written in more urgent terms:

WASHINGTON, Sept 10th, 1860.

Dear Sir:—The bearer of this, Mr. Edward Everett an esteemed friend of mine, is about to visit London for the first time, and will consequently be a stranger in your metropolis. Any attentions which you may extend to him will be gratefully appreciated by

Your friend and humble servant,
JAMES BUCHANAN.

HON. JOHN RUSSELL.

It is not customary to deliver a friendly letter of introduction personally. You should send it to the person to whom it is directed, on your arrival, accompanied by your card of address. If he desires to respond to the request of your friend, he will either call on you personally or give you a written invitation to visit him. A neglect to call would be considered by some people a mark of ill-breeding, though it really is not, as the person addressed may consult his own convenience or feelings in the matter. Nor is he compelled to invite you to his house unless he is so disposed. A simple return of his own card is all that is required, and then you can call on him at your leisure.

A Letter of Introduction should never be sealed by the person giving it; but the recipient should seal it when he sends it to the party to whom it is addressed.

In Europe it is always customary for any one with a letter of introduction to make the first call; but here we are more considerate, for we think that a stranger should never be made to feel that he is begging for our attentions—that he possesses a certain delicacy that would induce him not to intrude until he is positive that his company would be agreeable. Hence if you desire to welcome any one recommended to you by letter from your friend, call upon him with all possible despatch after you receive his letter of introduction.

SALUTATI